184 tion but because they take pride in making the best of what they have. Most
157 of the meager sums of money they do have are probably sent in from a
son who has a job outside the mountains. Government programs of supplying
[829] food are also periodically necessary to support these hardy people.

There are two historical factors accounting for the hardiness assigned to
[434] the mountain people over the plains dwellers. Before independence, the
plainsmen, particularly in Thessaly and Macedonia, were attached to the
estates of absentee Turkish landlords and, according to travelers' accounts,
lived in tenancy approaching serfdom, despised by the more independent
Greeks of the mountains. Further, the plains villagers suffered for centuries
[164] from the terrible malaria of the lowlands; drained of vitality, they were
probably actually poorer physical specimens than the peasants of the more
healthy uplands.

184 As various features of the peasant's life unfold, particularly in a later
discussion of village ways, we can understand even better the differences
186 between the peoples of the mountains and the plains. Nevertheless, we
should not forget that as villagers the two groups hold much in common,
such as their shared loyalty to their village and their tendency to be distrustful
of the "outside world," particularly of the central-government
officials in Athens.

THE SEA

228 If mountains and plains are disappointing in the resources they contribute
433 to Greece, then surely, one would think, the sea would more than
compensate by providing fish in abundance. As a matter of fact, fish are
[262] an important source of protein in the Greek diet, but before the Second
World War less than half of the total amount of fish eaten (35,000 to
[439] 40,000 metric tons) was caught by Greek fishermen in Greek seas. The rest
had to be bought from abroad, often from neighboring countries, out of
the country's meager store of foreign exchange.[16] Students of the problem
[654] seem to believe that the sea around Greece is rich in fish and that the
trouble lies in the failure of the authorities to promote and foster a fishing
● [727] industry. The many fishing boats destroyed during the war are being
replaced, though slowly.

505 The merchant marine of Greece has been through the years a source
of national pride. Here is one way the sea has been put to good advantage.
501 Before World War II Greek ships totaled 1,900,000 tons and included 500
ocean-going vessels and a coastal and Mediterranean fleet of 55 large
ships and 733 caiques, or small sailing boats. In 1946 there remained 138
[439] miscellaneous ships totaling 501,000 tons. The sale of 100 liberty ships by
the United States government to Greek operators at one fourth of the
original cost contributed much to the rebuilding of the Greek merchant
marine.

on the land they farmed.[5] Despite these economic disadvantages, the Greek 361
peasants, in the 1960s as well as in the 1920s, kept on living in villages.
The talk of "saving time" has little appeal, since the villagers move in a 461
time sequence quite unrelated to the concept of the industrialized West. [805
They ask, "Save time for what?" As an aside, it is of interest to note that 177]
whereas the Greek villager becomes bored when one talks of saving time,
he listens intently when one suggests ways of increasing his income, adding
to his food supply, or helping him meet his taxes.

Another deterrent to the settlement on the independent farmsteads was 361
noted by Henry Morgenthau, who had been United States Ambassador to
Turkey (1913–16) before serving as Chairman of the Greek Refugee 167
Settlement Commission, established by the League of Nations. He called it the "hiving" habit of Greek families, which led those coming from one village in Asia Minor to try to relocate together in a new community in Greece. His observations, though couched in superlatives, are well worth repeating:

> The Greek character has special qualities that had to be taken into account [in 361
> resettlement]. Like his ancestors, the modern Greek is an intense individualist.
> Interference with his personal independence, or his freedom to order his life 167
> in his own way, is sharply resented. Every Greek has his own ideas about every- 181
> thing and hesitates neither to express them nor to act upon them. He would [571
> be quite impossible to manage were not this disintegrating characteristic
> counterbalanced by his equally intense social instinct. He is the most gregarious 275]
> of human beings and will not live where he cannot foregather in the evening with his fellows. The daily gatherings in the local café are as dear to the heart of the Greek as were the weekly gatherings at the meeting house to the Puritans of old — and for many of the same reasons. . . .[6]

Furthermore, as Morgenthau also pointed out, new houses could be 361
provided much more quickly and inexpensively in a village setting than
if each house had to be constructed all by itself at considerable distance 167
from all other houses.

Reconstruction also had to be carried out after World War II and the 166
close of the guerrilla war. Along with this there was some relocation of
villages because the old sites were considered too inaccessible or the means 361
of livelihood too precarious. One such place was Menithi, on the seacoast 727
of Western Greece, where three hundred families were settled between 1949 and 1951. They had come from two communities in the mountains about five or six hours' walk away. Their home villages had been destroyed three times: by the Italians, then by the Germans, and finally by the Communist Antartes. The peasants were primarily agricultural and livestock producers but knew nothing of the sea. As we talked with them in the plateia, within a stone's throw of the sea, some of the men asked, "What do we shepherds know about fishing?" and others, with disgust in their

166 voices, questioned: "Just how would a fisherman know how to guard
361 livestock?" The new site had been chosen because it was sheltered, near
the water, and on the road. The houses had been provided free by the
727 Ministry of Reconstruction, each being set in a plot of four hundred square meters in which a small vegetable garden was possible. As the surrounding cropland was insufficient to support all of these families, the men had to go far away in search of jobs while leaving the women and children behind.

361 In the beginning of the reconstruction period, private contractors were
given the task of rebuilding the destroyed villages and in some cases put
727 up shoddy dwellings in a location where people did not want to live. Some
178 of these stand today between Lamia and Volos abandoned, mute testimony to the failure of projects carried out without consulting those supposed to benefit from them. But most of the postwar villages are now inhabited and contrast, because of their straight streets and their houses in a perfect line, with the older villages where the streets wander and each individual put up his house on his lot as it pleased him.

361 Location, however, is more complex than some of the peasants' explana-
tions or the contractors' choices would imply. It usually represents over a long period of time an adjustment to the resources which people need for their livelihood. First of all, there must be water available for drinking
[312] and washing. Should a spring upon which everyone depended dry up, the
people of the village would move, ghosts or no ghosts, particularly if the women got tired of carrying water from some unreasonable distance. Over a period of time, also, the peasants locate their settlements as a compromise between the requirements for wood and pastures on heights above the village and the need for daily travel to their fields lying below. That is why villages are so frequently perched on a hillside instead of on the level land beneath. Of course, if the plain is large and the hills distant from land owned by the peasants, they will build a village on the plain and make long trips for their wood. Another factor affecting location in the days of Turkish rule was the villager's desire to be off the main road and thus less subject to taxation by officials and to requisition of foodstuffs by passing troops. He valued his freedom. Those old villages are now suffering from the isolation which was once a blessing. But many of the people still cling to residence in the old village in preference to separate farms because of the protection a village gives against wild animals and predatory armies, and because neighbors help each other to cultivate the earth. A further reason for the long survival of the village was its suitability to the system of large landholdings prevalent through much of Greece before the liberation from the Turks. Estate owners or managers could better control and supervise the rural workers whose houses were conveniently grouped together. Nowadays, according to those engaged in community development, better provisions for schools, roads, medical services, mail, and other

241 near Thebes in Central Greece, had this to say: "The coming of a tractor
461 will 'rest a family.' They will have better yields due to more systematic
treatment and better plowing. Before, people had to work ten hours a day
178 while with a tractor they need to work from five to six hours at a maximum.
462 The fact that they have to work less brings joy to the house, for a person
who is rested has more of a mood for gaiety than one who is tired. The
women certainly are helped for they do not have to be in the fields and can
occupy themselves more with housework, with clothes, and can have more
time for amusement."

241 Elsewhere I asked, "What difference does the machine make?" The di-
178 rector of the Larissa agricultural school answered this way:

> Twenty years ago this area around Larissa was in large *tsiflikia*, or estates, belonging to a very few families, which produced chiefly sheep. With the expropriation and redistribution of land there was a trend toward wheat, corn, alfalfa, so much so that even the slopes where the sheep once grazed are now cultivated.
>
> [407] Today Thessaly is the most mechanized area of Greece. In 1940 the plain around Larissa had 160 tractors; now the number is well over 1300. [Greece in 1952 had 5400 tractors and in 1956 over 12,000 compared with 1700 in 1938.] [8]
>
> [727] The war, the occupation, and the guerrilla conflict brought an equality in
> that everyone lost their animals. Then, those who were able to buy tractors —
> [492] chiefly those who had had the animals before the war — gained an economic
> advantage. Before mechanization the peasant used to toil and sweat over his
> [423] land and get very little from it; now with mechanization people become more
> attached to the land since they see that they can make a profit from it. Those
> who before would have sold now hold on to it. The merchants in town complain
> [454] that there is a crisis, but there is none really, for the peasant is putting all of
> his spare money into fields and more equipment. Now he is farming in a scientific way.

At this point his wife, who had been sitting in the living room with us, began to speak. She owned some land which she had not visited for three years because of illness. When she did visit the peasants who worked this land for her, she found that they were telling her all kinds of things that she needed to do — to use fertilizer, which they had formerly thought unnecessary, and machinery, with which they had been unacquainted before. She attributed much of the recent adoption of machinery to the great movement of people during the war.

[476] Her husband then pointed out that today there was a greater and finer
spirit of competition among the farmers than formerly, for they try to see
who can get a greater yield. Mechanization leaves them more time for edu-
[461] cation and learning about new practices. It used to take a whole day for a
peasant to plow less than an acre with two horses but now he can do ten

TOBACCO GROWING IN THRACE

249 During an interview with some peasants in the office of the commune
276 secretary of Toxotae in Thrace during May 1955, I was surprised to see
656 some of the men pull out pink cigarette paper in which they expertly rolled
cigarettes for a leisurely smoke.

"But why the pink paper?" I wanted to know.

"We are tobacco producers," they answered with an air of distinct pride. "We can keep some of the crop for our own use, but must use pink paper to distinguish our cigarettes from those that are bought."

"Yes," a gendarme added. "Any time I see a person smoking a pink cigarette I can go up to ask for a certificate showing that he is a tobacco grower and thus entitled to 'roll his own'!"

249 This conversation, which lasted for more than four hours, gave me an
[123] even better understanding of tobacco farming than I had gained on previous
[312] trips, as did frequent visits in the fields with the peasants who were transferring the plants from the seedbeds to the carefully prepared land or hauling barrels of water in their oxcart from a spring or well to the place where the planting was going on. What was most helpful of all, however, was the intimate story of one tobacco village, as described in the Near East Foundation study mentioned earlier. It gave me a deeper realization of the problems that the people there continue to face.[7]

621 Dafnon, a village of 1145 people in 1952, is northwest of the city of
162 Xanthe. This community, like so many in Northern Greece, was settled by
[167] Greek refugees from Asia Minor and the Pontus following the departure of 127 Turkish families in 1924. By 1935, 294 families had moved in, attracted as they were by the rich vegetation, the good climate of this semi-mountainous area, and the possibility of raising a high-priced product such as tobacco. When the first official land redistribution was carried out in 1935, and a second in 1938, it became apparent that the allotments were too small for the support of a family, and so people began to leave. Today there are 255 families.

621 The village, covering slightly over 70 acres, sprawls over a hill. Two
36 former Turkish mosques have been converted into Greek Orthodox
churches; six grocery shops have total assets of less than $1700; three of the six coffeehouses attract the young men because each has a gramophone
● [727] and a battery radio; the village school, destroyed along with many of the houses during the guerrilla war in 1948, was rebuilt in 1950. Outside the
[526] village is an athletic field on which 30 young men, members of the sports club, practice faithfully in an effort to uphold their reputation as the best
[373] football (soccer) team in the area. In the evening, the streets are dark, for Dafnon has no electricity and its people must rely upon kerosene lamps.

621 Of the 255 families previously mentioned, 220 own land; 32 own no
463
423

1:Sanders Z-5μ (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1
Peloponnesos
[Shepherds]

233 children, pots and pans, donkeys, and a few articles of clothing left them
221 after destruction of their village by the Communist guerrillas several years
[476] earlier.

A later April day found us again in Tripolis. On the road we had once
more been encountering flocks from Valtetsi, but this time they were headed
123 up toward home. Fortunately, Stephanos Agriopoulos, our favorite waiter
in the Reed Restaurant, had relatives in Valtetsi and was eager to take us
124 there. We left the main highway at the new tuberculosis hospital, turning
[743] toward the mountains on our right. The road was barely passable, evidently
the mere widening of a sheep track winding in and out but always up, along
[491] the edges of dry, bone dry, ravines. Now and then one of us had to get out
to shove a rock from the road. En route Stephanos told us much about the
people and the hard economic struggle they were facing. The road became
less rocky as we neared the village. There were small fields, brilliant green,
[361] with trees along the edges. The trees stood tall around the school and
church, the center of the village, where their spring freshness and sturdiness
cast a sort of tender protection over the ruined stone houses that were Valtetsi.
It was only after we let the people unburden themselves of their more
immediate troubles, such as rebuilding their houses, that we could turn to
a description of their customary semiannual migration with their flocks.

●727 Valtetsi, with its one hundred eighty families, had not suffered under
669 the German occupation as had so many other Greek villages. Completely
[361] off any reasonable facsimile of a road, it was not visited by the invaders;
but for this very reason it was frequented by the Communist guerrillas in
the 1940s as they struggled for control of Greece. The Communist leaders
repeatedly tried to persuade the people to join their side, but the Valtetsi
residents refused. In anger at this refusal and with the words, "if you are
not for us, you are against us," the Communists descended upon the village
one day and killed about one hundred people, mostly men. They burned
most of the houses and took the women and children off with them. Each
man to whom we talked had some personal tragedy to relate and could
show us the name of some close relative or friend on the marble monument
by the church erected in honor of these victims of the Communist
727 guerrillas. As a constant reminder of that terrible day, the houses still
stood in ruins — six years later. We went from house to house and found
362 that through lack of lumber the second stories had not been built back,
nor had there been tile available for the roofs. Many of the families were
holed in, as it were, on the first floor, pretty much exposed to the elements
during the six months of their sojourn "at home." Yet the people were
friendly, glad to see us. Their mobile faces were alive. They smiled easily,
were full of curiosity, and bubbled with wit. The state of dilapidation was
[123] even more noticeable when the village secretary and president, in order to
give us a drink of ouzo "for the road," had to ferret out a bottle and a few

1:Sanders Z-5,4 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1
Peloponnesos

chipped glasses from the dark basement of a roofless building which was 123
serving as the office of the village council.

Around the Valtetsi school that morning were children curious about [362]
the strange adults, the car, and the ten-year-old American boy and the [727]
twelve-year-old English-speaking Greek boy in our party, who quickly established contact and were soon surrounded. Questions and answers about
the children came naturally. When we talked to the two teachers, we began 221
to see what migration meant to these shepherd children. The school year 233
starts in September with everyone enrolled, but by December 1 the youngsters have all set off with their families on the seven- to ten-day tramp below. 872
St. Demetrios' Day (October 28) is the traditional date for departure, and St. George's Day (April 23) is the date for the return. Nevertheless, school opens again on March 1. This year (1953) four pupils had been present then; a week later ten showed up; at the time of our visit business was picking up even more and before long would reach the expected 104 enrollment. Classes would continue to August 15, with only a small break before the September registration occurred.

During the winter pasturing, the children attend no school but help
with the flocks as much as they can. We had often during the winter months 221
seen these solitary shepherd children as we drove along a lowland road. As 233
they stood motionless when our car approached, with the sheep and the 857
goats climbing around them, their faded shapeless clothing melting into the barren hillside, they looked neither frightened nor submissive and were quick to respond to a wave or a greeting. Later on, I asked the men with whom I was talking where most of the children were born, in Valtetsi or down below. One of them replied, much to the merriment of his fellows,
"They are usually born here, for it's here that the heat wave starts." One [844]
man, the proud father of nine, said that all of his had been born in Valtetsi, although each knew of occasions when a child had arrived on the roadside without the ministrations of even a midwife. We asked young and old [124]
alike in Valtetsi and elsewhere what the children thought of this semiannual change. All agreed that such a life was hard on children and that many of them dreaded the long march, but that there was no other livelihood open to their parents.

Since Valtetsi is at an altitude of 3360 feet, its hillsides are too exposed 233
to make the pasturing of many sheep possible; in the winter months, removal to the plains below is therefore the only course of action open to [221]
the livestock owner. The families owning goats leave first, since the goats
cannot stand the cold and they bear young earlier than do the sheep. Here [361]
in Valtetsi, the men pointed out, most of the pastures were communally
owned and cost the people nothing; but down below each family had to [423]
contract with some peasant proprietor or commune for sufficient pasture [427]
for his flock, which now averages about 100 sheep in contrast to the 400 [246]

184

provided in addition. In some of the poorer villages fifty sovereigns are the going price, but much more often one hundred or one hundred and fifty are 583 mentioned. Localities as widely scattered as Agrinion and Mesolongi on [178] the west coast, Ioannina in Epirus, villages near Thebes, those in Attica, and some in the Peloponnesos report such demands, but often add that an equivalent amount in land (thirty to forty stremmata) would be accepted.

Some villages, however, particularly those in the Peloponnesos and Central Greece where the lure of the city is strong, set as the chief goal of the [369] dowry a house in Athens to be provided by the bride. To be sure, this house consists of only two rooms and a kitchen, but it means that the new family can either take root in Athens itself or else rent out the property at a high [427] rate of return. In place of the house, three hundred gold sovereigns are considered acceptable and land is much less important than formerly.

There are doubtless other types of dowry arrangements, but these suffice [178] to show the regional variations and the growing emphasis upon money as the chief resource a young couple will use to get a start in life. In some cases the dowry is paid directly to the husband to use as he sees fit and may 583 be subject to return if he fails to live up to his part of the marriage bargain. 594 But in many cases the wife maintains considerable control over the disposition of her dowry. One thing is attested to on every hand: the wife who brings a big dowry, particularly in cash, is not sent to the field by her husband except in most unusual circumstances. Thus, privileged status both in [554] her own home and in the community is assured her. If a girl brings no dowry, around Lamia at least, she has to work very hard and may even be subject to chastisement.

A clearer picture of what is meant by household goods and linen can be 583 gained from a simple list of what a girl from the village of Spathari, in the Peloponnesos, is supposed to provide: This list, though not the same [184] throughout all of Greece, is indicative of the long hours of labor and financial drain represented: [461]

45–50 blankets
6 sheets
12 pairs pillow cases
15–16 towels
2 big rugs
6 rag rugs
6 big sauce pans
3 medium pans

3 small pans [415]
1 big frying pan
1 medium frying pan
2 round cake pans
2 big and 1 medium spoons [412]
6 of each piece of cutlery
Fireplace equipment (big kettle,
  2 andirons, hanging arm, scuttle)

A dowry is a cumulative matter, often reflecting the savings of previous generations. That is why the devastation of war works far more hardship [727] than is at first apparent. It is still a strong tradition among Greek families to make as many of the objects at home as possible and buy only those [432]

631 this is to be worked out puzzles Greek politicians as much as it does Ameri-
642 can politicians interested in United States counties, laid out in horse-and-
buggy days and ill adapted to today's rapid-transit world. In any combina-
tion, one center will gain and the other lose, a fact which has local political
repercussions in a democratic system. Some of these become apparent as
one views the work of the community council and its president.

THE COMMUNITY COUNCIL

207 In Phrangista, a mountain village of Central Greece, I was shaken out of pleasant contemplation as two loudspeakers on the village square suddenly began to inform one and all of the latest news of the day.

This was in the spring of 1953, and we were on a coffeeshop verandah
275 newly made of concrete. Across the dusty thoroughfare, some hens had
243 discovered wheat sheaves drying in front of the house of the carpenter;
247 next door, potted geraniums were blooming in the window of a handsome
stone house. We were shut in from the outside world by hazy mountains.
262 The proprietor's wife and daughter had just brought us preserved walnut
sweets in a spoon with the traditional glass of water. One spooned the
sweets, gulped the water, and commented on the good flavor of the walnuts
preserved before they had fully ripened. And then came the radio. These
207 loudspeakers, sounding forth noon and evening, featured the broadcasts
177 from Ioannina, Patras, and Athens. The radio, obviously much more
powerful than the battery sets frequently encountered in the ordinary coffee-
house, aroused my curiosity. I turned to the president of the community
[422] council, who was sitting nearby. He told me that the radio was community-
owned, that it had been placed there by the American Mission, and that it
had "brought civilization" to that place. But the more I talked with him,
the more I realized that bringing in civilization through this medium created
some local administrative problems.

The American Mission, preferring to distribute the radio directly to the local authorities rather than through a regular government ministry, stipulated that the community would have to provide the gasoline for the motor which furnished the energy for the radio. So the first problem was to find the money to buy the gasoline, which cost a great deal by the time it was transported over the mountains from Lamia. A second problem was locating someone (in this case, two teen-aged boys) who could operate the complicated machine and tune in the radio. The president proudly reported that on the previous day a screw had worked loose and the program was temporarily interrupted — but only temporarily — for these competent youngsters quickly found the trouble and replaced the screw.

623 Before I left Phrangista, the president wanted me to see the church which
653 the villagers had recently rebuilt. It had been completely and deliberately
651 destroyed by the Nazis. The archbishop had given some funds for its res-

● 727

toration, but most of the job had been done by "personal work" (*prosopike* 623
ergassia). This is an old, old practice whereby the community council assigns 653
the families or adults of the village so many days of "voluntary" labor
on a task that needs to be carried out in the community interest. In general, [651]
a community may call for ten days of work (or pay in lieu thereof) from
each able-bodied villager, although it need not do this if there are no projects [727]
requiring this much labor.

"Everybody who could," according to the president, "went to the quarries [316]
and cut limestone; others cut wood. We paid laborers to construct the
lime kiln and then produced our own lime at a saving of twenty million [333]
drachmas [over $1300 then]. While the construction crews were building the new road through here, we brought the stones they unearthed to the church site and, with the help of good masons, put up the structure." Here again local government was getting something done.

On another trip in 1955, returning from a visit to Mount Athos, the 651
Holy Mountain on a peninsula in Northern Greece, I saw a notice nailed
to a plane tree near the main fountain of the village. It looked official, so [203]
we went up to have a look. It announced the auctioning off of the right to collect a certain kind of tax:

Announcement of Bidding for the Lease of Farming of Animal Sale Tax for Fiscal Year 1955–56

The President of the community of Neochori declares that . . . a bidding is announced for Sunday 17 June between 10–12 A.M. in the Community Building for the highest offer to lease the farming of taxes on animal sales during fiscal year 1955–56.

The amount of 3000 drachmas [$100] has been determined as the first offer and the amount of 300 drachmas as a guarantee to be deposited by any participant. The tax has been determined at two percent on any sale of animals. Citizens having debts in the community are not accepted. The amount of lease shall be paid in four equal installments, the last to be paid on 31 March 1956. All expenses will be charged to the lessor.

Here the local authorities were following the ancient practice of "farming" out the taxes to the highest bidder who, in turn, was expected to derive from rigorous collection much more than he paid for the right. Every time a bleating goat or an ox changed masters, the successful bidder would collect his 2 percent of the sale price.

The community council has other duties in addition to managing a community-owned 623
radio, rebuilding churches, and collecting taxes. It conducts
local elections as well.[6] By 1951 the political situation had stabilized to the 666
point that local elections could be held throughout the country. Of the
registered voters, a greater proportion of women than men voted, thereby
showing their appreciation of the right of suffrage. From nine to thirty-one [633]

therefore the guiding hand in local affairs. But in Greece I found no such 624
use of the secretary's role. He generally considered himself a servant of
both the state and the local people. In this Attica village the secretary said:
"I do all the difficult work. I am kept so busy that I even work at night.
Recruiting for the army, for instance, is done through me. I was awakened [702]
at five this morning by a man who wanted a certificate. I am also head of
post and telegraph here. This is an unusual job for a secretary but the local [205]
government couldn't afford such an official and asked me to take on the [206]
job. I reckon I must work eighty hours some weeks." But he seemed to be
thriving on his job.

When I inquired more carefully into what the council does, I learned 746
that, in addition to collecting the taxes, it has the problem of determining
what families are poor enough to qualify for welfare assistance. The president 511
and two other citizens comprise a committee on social welfare and [623]
classify families according to need. The two citizens had been selected by
the Ministry of Welfare from a list of nine local people nominated by the [622]
president, and they serve two years. The poor people are officially listed
according to categories A, B, and C, which are based on family income and
size of family. The poorest (A category) will get free medical care, free
hospitalization, free maternity service, and free drugs at the expense of the
Ministry of Welfare. Those in category B are entitled to the same advantages,
but have lower priority in the event sufficient facilities are not available
to all. Those in C category must pay for their drugs, but at reduced
prices, with the price difference being made up by the Ministry of Welfare.
Of the 560 families in this village, one half were in one of the above categories.
Since everybody in a village knows everyone else's business, there
is much discussion of the fairness of the list. A person in need comes personally
to ask for help, but he may be removed from the list at the end of
three months when the names must be reviewed.

Around Volos, in the villages on Mount Pelion, I found emergency welfare 746
needs handled on a much less bureaucratic basis. The commandant
of gendarmerie for the Volos area learned in March 1953 that many families 625
in the villages on the eastern part of Pelion lacked food. Unlike those in the 735
Attica village, these people had made no complaints. They ordinarily live
on returns from olives, apples, chestnuts, and some potatoes, but storms
had destroyed their chestnut and apple crop to the extent that they had
received little income the previous autumn. By March, they were without
funds to buy bread. Part of their poverty could also be traced to the number [727]
of times their villages had been pillaged by the guerrilla bands which had
earlier operated in that area. Their clothes were a pattern of patches. They
kept little livestock because pastures were lacking and because any lambs
produced did not mature early enough to be sold at Easter.

The commandant, in view of these circumstances, asked help from the

631 634 578 This led into a discussion of some of the kinds of conflict which occur in the community and the part the nomarch has to play in resolving them. The location of a new village church sometimes becomes an issue. Many arguments are not based on any vested interest in a particular spot but on the individuals' assessment of what would in actuality be the best spot. In order to get proof that his idea is better than other ideas, a person will leave his farm work or close up his shop and go to the city where he can get the advice of some authority whom he can quote to support him. Or several villagers in disagreement will decide to go to the nomarch to get his opinion.

631 634 623 653 [727] On another occasion I went with the nomarch of Kozane to visit a village for which he had responsibility. The agriculturist for this nomos, who had come with us, introduced many of the peasants to the nomarch before the meeting began at the schoolhouse. Eventually the meeting got started. The nomarch, flanked on one side by the council president and on the other by the council secretary, got down to business in a most direct way. One man got up and described the condition of his home, in which he said he was ashamed to live. This village had been destroyed by the guerrillas and the need for help had been great. Because he had a special file for each village in his nomos, the nomarch knew that when he took office 75 percent of all the houses needed rebuilding but that now that figure had dropped to 29 percent. He reminded them that in his nomos there were four thousand families without housing or even an elementary roof over their heads, but said he would see what could be done. He then found out what they expected to do with the self-help program based on voluntary contributions of labor. He reminded them that on two occasions the state had given them about $1700 to help in the construction of a road to the village and that, in view of their present need, he would see if he could get another grant. This time he would pay wages so that they might have some much-needed income.

631 634 275 When we emerged from the crowded schoolhouse, I noticed that about twenty men had stood outside trying to overhear what was going on. The nomarch stopped to talk to some of them. When we had climbed into a truck which was to take us across a muddy patch to our cars half-a-mile away, the black-robed priest came running up, an unkempt, unattractive fellow, to make a last-minute complaint to the nomarch. "Sir," he shouted, "did you know that the coffeehouse proprietor is now opening up on Sundays before the church service is over, which is contrary to the law?" The crowd looked amazed and eagerly waited to see how the nomarch would handle this troublesome complaint. He replied: "My good fellow, you go on and give them good enough sermons, and then the men won't want to go to the coffeehouse during church time."

631 634 369 Reference to one other nomarch will be enough to show the type of men who were filling that post in 1953. Mr. Aronis was the nomarch of Kala-

solidated elementary schools, even if the educational administrators 871 should consider them desirable.

Most villagers show a pride in their school and try to locate it on one of 346 the best sites in the village, quite often near the main square. These buildings come in all sorts of shapes and sizes. In the middle of the Peloponnesos we found a village school over a hundred years old, which had been privately endowed. The building was a one-room, poorly lighted structure which must have been truly grand by standards of a century ago. But today it seemed sadly inadequate for the many children crowded into its rows of benches. In Metsovo, the picturesque Wallachian village between Ioannina (Epirus) and Trikkala, we found an attractive, two-story stone structure of a type characterizing the more prosperous established mountain settlement which furnished pack horses for the caravan routes before the coming of the railroad. In Malakassa, in Attica, we saw a school being built of [177] concrete blocks in 1955 by a joint effort of the American Save the Children Federation and the local village authorities.

An American senator once became interested in the welfare of a village [177] near Mount Olympus, since some of his constituents of Greek descent told him that little was being done to remedy the deplorable conditions there. An American Mission official went to investigate. Part of his report gives 346 a vivid postwar word picture: 727

> The school was not completely ruined. The roof had collapsed, and the flooring, window-panes and furniture, all made of wood, had been used for firewood. The building remained and is being repaired. Unfortunately, the funds for school repairs are limited throughout Greece. The whole Nomos (Prefecture of Larissa, for instance, in which Kokkinopoulos is located), is comprised [634] of 160 communities, most of the schools of which were damaged to some degree. The Nomos received $21,000 for this purpose, $2,371, of which went [658] into the repair of the school at Kokkinopoulos. The roof has been replaced and the stairs finished, as have two of the four classrooms. In some villages, [653] the State assistance was supplemented by the private initiative of the villagers, either in terms of materials or labor, and the schools were finished. In any case, the two classrooms are considered relatively adequate for the 158 children of school age in the village.[5]

The educational figures for 1956–57 throw some added light on the 872 problem, since they show that there were in the whole country, including the cities, towns, and villages, a total of 8,527 elementary schools with about 940,000 pupils, or an average of 112 per school.[6] The chances are that in most village schools there are from 50 to 60 children per room, if the room happens to be large enough to accommodate that many, since ap- [346] proximately 60 percent of all elementary schools have one room and a [875] single teacher.[7]

875

They teach 183 pupils, 78 percent of whom attend regularly during spring 872
and early summer and 90 percent during the fall and winter.[8]

Early in my stay in Greece I had occasion to speak at considerable length 875
with the director of one of the leading secondary schools in Athens. Later
on, as I talked with village teachers, I found how accurately this educator
had sized up the situation. He started off by giving some necessary background:

> In my young days we had only four grades in the elementary school and, [872]
> furthermore, not all villages had schools. Since 1929, the elementary school
> has been made six years and more villages have gotten schools. Since 1930, the
> number of pupils attending elementary schools has practically doubled. With
> the influx of the refugee population in the 1920s there was no possibility of increasing
> the buildings and staff in keeping with the population. For instance, [873]
> the secondary-school enrollment has tripled, but unfortunately the revenue of
> the state has not tripled. Don't forget the four wars (1912–14; 1918; 1922; and
> 1940–45, with the guerrilla war following that). The northern provinces, especially, [727]
> have suffered most because of the occupation by the Bulgarians.

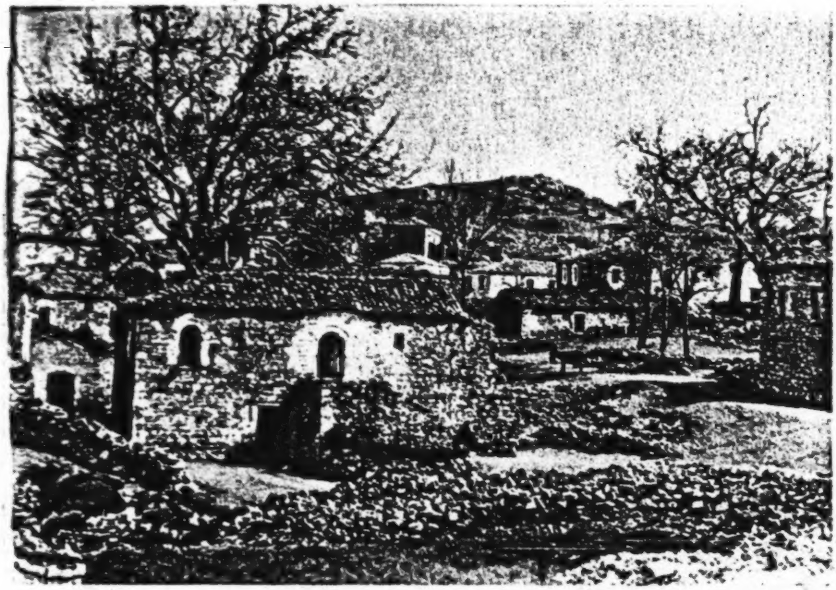
He then pointed out that up to 1912 the role of the teacher was far 875
greater than now. When I asked the reason, he said that then only the
teacher and the priest were literate, but now the so-called educated people, 369
originally from the village who have spent some time in the city, go back [212]
and say that what the priest and teacher advise is not important. This superficial [554]
education proves very harmful, he warns, because people who think
themselves clever say to the villagers: "Here in the city we work six hours;
in the village you work longer." The director then explained:

875

> The teachers are far better educated now than before. The university studies
> are better than they used to be. The spelling is not much better due to the many [197]
> differences resulting from the use of the popular language [*demotike*] and the
> "pure" language [*katharevousa*]. After a uniform language is established, the
> spelling will take care of itself.
>
> About four fifths of the teachers come from rural areas. Although each
> teacher is better-trained now, he faces many more difficulties than before. Each
> teacher used to have thirty pupils; now he has sixty and these have to be
> crowded into the same old building. Every year the proportion of men in the
> university decreases as the numbers of women rise. Many more women are going [465]
> into elementary teaching now than formerly because of the low salary. A
> man cannot support his family on that salary and women take teaching jobs
> because they have to add to the family income. Also there are many graduates
> of the pedagogic institutes, who are trained as teachers, but who find better
> jobs elsewhere and never do any teaching.

He felt it the teacher's duty to be deeply involved in the social life of [871]
the village, which required more knowledge about agriculture, coopera-

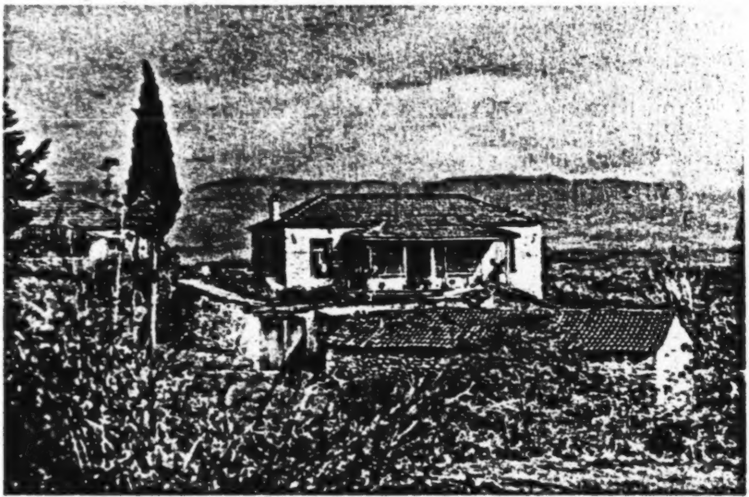
342
361



[727]

4. The village of Valtetsi, near Tripolis, Peloponnesos, is abandoned for half the year as the shepherds follow pasturage. The walls remain broken, testimony of wartime guerrilla raiders.

5. A Peloponnesian home, walled from the road, hugs a rock slope near Megalopolis.



[p. 272-c]

[P.291]
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[XVI]

Social Change in Rural Greece

The Greek social spectrum, the rainbow in the rock, is losing some of its hues today. This occurs as regions of Greece, despite their traditional social differences, adjust to common changes engulfing the whole country. The fact of change is accepted by all, but the evaluation of specific kinds of change (in family life, economic development, political trends) varies with the position of the person passing judgment. For most villagers, changes — at least those they want — are not occurring fast enough. When I had sorted out and studied their comments, which usually dealt with some facet of change, past or present, I found that the experiences they related could be grouped under three general types: the *cataclysmic* change caused by some great social or natural upheaval; the changes resulting from *social drift,* or the slower spread of unplanned change as new ways moved from town to village; and the *planned* change, most frequently sponsored by government agencies in an effort to raise the level of living in the villages.[1] 178

CATACLYSMIC CHANGE

Almost every generation of Greeks has experienced some social dislocation accompanying a war or, at least, armed encounters. The present adult population has had more than its share. While the country was busy with the tasks of assimilating the northern provinces, wrested from Turkey in 178 648 727

178 648 727 the First Balkan War (1913), and of recuperating from the First World War, the Greek forces, with the permission of the Great Powers, occupied an area around Smyrna, Turkey. Then they pushed inland in 1921 to attack the Turkish forces under Kemal Pasha in the hope of occupying the part of Turkey peopled by many Greeks. The highly nationalistic Turks, following the defeat of the Greeks, rose against the Greek-speaking residents of Asia Minor as well as the retreating Greek army.

In the Treaty of Lausanne (January 1923) Greece and Turkey agreed [728 167] to exchange their populations then living under the control of the other, as a result of which over a million Greeks migrated from Asia Minor to Greece proper and over 400,000 Turks left Greece for Turkey. In addition, exchanges of 46,000 Greeks from Bulgaria and 53,000 Bulgarians from Greece [2] followed the Treaty of Neuilly, which dealt with Bulgaria for her participation with the Central Powers in World War I.

178 167 727 In my various visits to Northern Greece, I had difficulty in fully appreciating the immensity of the impact of these refugees upon Greek national life. I could try to imagine what it must mean for any country, especially one as deficient in natural resources as Greece was in the 1920s, to have 22 percent of its total population made up of recently displaced persons, many of whom were widows and children whose husbands and fathers had perished in the ordeals of Asia Minor. It was as though the United States, which consisted of about 110 million at that time, were to receive over 24 million immigrants in a three- to four-year period, as compared with the figure of just over a million, representing the largest number to arrive in any previous year.

As I listened with interest to the involved story of a single family's flight and their subsequent difficulties, I could comprehend, at least in part, what this experience had meant to them.[3] Or I could follow the complaints of the leaders of a community, such as those in Thomai, Thessaly (Chapter 4), who, as late as 1953, were talking of how much better off they had been when living in caves in Turkey with all the land they wanted to cultivate. Yet, when I tried to multiply these experiences of a few to those of a thousand displaced people, with all of their pent-up emotions and problems, I had to stretch my imagination to the fullest and admit the futility of trying to multiply this thousand by another thousand if I were to seek to encompass the totality of the refugee problem in Greece in the 1920s. No wonder [177] the League of Nations stepped in to render assistance, as did philanthropic groups in the United States and elsewhere.

What happens to a nation when it receives newcomers up to one fifth of its total number? What complications arise when these refugees come from different geographic and cultural areas, bound together only by the sense that their families were Greek in origin? By 1952-53, most of these settlers had adjusted to their new conditions and were making significant contribu-

tions to their homeland. Enough time had passed to enable many of them 178
to assess the impact of their encounter with Greek national life, for numerous 167
changes had followed their arrival.

Their resettlement had, in the first place, brought about a national unity 727
not heretofore possible, since Turks and Bulgarians had left Greece (with
the exception of the Turks in western Thrace who were permitted to remain [619]
because Greeks were allowed to stay in Istanbul), and the Greeks from [563]
Asia Minor were now collected in metropolitan Greece. With the exception
of Cyprus and perhaps northern Epirus, there was now little ground for
irredentism, which has so consistently plagued each of the Balkan states
since their creation as independent political units.

A second effect of the refugees' arrival was the improvement of agriculture, [241]
especially in Northern Greece, where the refugees chiefly settled, as
well as in Crete, where they improved the vineyards. Because they had been uprooted, the newcomers were much more ready to adopt modern farming methods, to use fertilizer and improved seed. They even introduced new crops to the mainland of Greece. This readiness for change at times contrasted sharply with the more apathetic and conservative native villagers.

The refugees, in the third place, helped create a public health service. [744]
Many of them settled in the marshy deltas of the rivers emptying into the
Aegean Sea, where malaria — to which they had developed no immunity in Asia Minor — wiped out whole villages. Being desperate, they cooperated to the fullest with authorities who were draining the swamps and inaugurating malaria-control measures.

Even more important was the refugees' role in creating new industries, [288]
such as rug weaving, especially in urban centers. They brought in skills,
including entrepreneurial ability; even the untrained represented a willing [464]
labor pool. They had to rely on their wit and skill to survive in this new
environment. The same held true for the fishing industry, which at best was [228]
at a primitive level in Greece before the coming of the refugees.

One nomarch, long-familiar with the refugee problem, summarized his observations as follows:

> At the time of their coming, we looked upon these refugees as a terrible burden. But they did bring a creative and civilized element. Here in Macedonia, the refugees are a progressive element: in industry, commerce, and agriculture. They are progressive because they have had so many hardships that they are like iron which has gone through fire and become more malleable. Most of the refugees think they have a better life here than they had in their former homes.

This cataclysmic event, resulting from the disastrous Asia Minor campaign by the Greeks, brought not only a large population increase; it also introduced a social transfusion which all observers agree led to a more progressive spirit in Greece.

178 727 669 166 World War II and the guerrilla war which followed constituted another major social upheaval. Whereas the Nazi forces often wreaked vengeance for sabotage upon settlements close to the main thoroughfares, the Communist forces stayed away from the main highways and brought disaster to mountain villages, such as Valtetsi in the Peloponnesos (Chapter 6). All countries occupied by an enemy suffer social as well as economic disorganization, but the case of Greece was aggravated by the nature of the guerrilla war. In order to protect the exposed rural people and to curb the unwilling (and sometimes willing) support of the Communist forces by the villagers upon whom the guerrillas descended for food and supplies, the central government in Athens removed a number of villagers, estimated at from 700,000 to 750,000, from their homes to quarters near some town or city. [657] Because this was a temporary resettlement, most of the villagers did not become incorporated into the local economy, which was not able to utilize such a volume of labor; instead, these migrants were supported by government subsidy which provided a bare minimum of services. [369] But, as earlier chapters have shown, this exposure of from one to two years to the city had a profound psychological impact upon the women and young people. The women learned that there was an "easier" life; the young people got many new ideas about dress and beauty aids, entertainment, types of indoor jobs, and patterns of greater independence from their parents. One girl who had worked in a factory in Salonica felt ashamed to carry water when she went back to her village, and moreover she wanted a regular income.

[831 302] According to a prominent Greek child-welfare worker, the changes following the guerrilla war ranged from shifts in such basic values as virginity, with this being less highly esteemed than before the war, to the presence of bobbed hair and permanents in villagers where they had never been seen before. Before the war, such changes had been gradual; now they came suddenly. George Sakellopoulos, the inspector of agriculture in Ioannina, summarized very clearly the impact of this population displacement for his area:

> [515] During the guerrilla war the people had to go to the towns. They lived in homes much better than they had known before. They learned to wash themselves, which many had not done before. When they were persuaded to go back to their villages, they took back the changes they had seen. Many of them went back reluctantly. While they were refugees they had a subsidy. When that was [657] cut off, they could no longer remain in the town house, for they could not pay the owner, who could kick them out. A free distribution of flour was made in the village, and not in the town, so they had to go back to the village to receive it. Then the tractor operators said they would plow only the fields of those who were actually in the village; even the army helped with the plowing. At first, there were some who stayed behind in the towns because their children were in school, but eventually the families were brought together again in the village.

Whereas the effect of the coming of the Asia Minor refugees was to increase 178
the population and heighten the economic activity of the country, the 369
effect of the stay of these northern villagers in town was to loosen somewhat
the social cement that holds the kinship group and the village community together. 727
It set in motion more perceptibly in Northern Greece what has long 669
been characteristic of Central Greece and the Peloponnesos: the urbanization
of the countryside, in the sense of the spreading influence of urban [621]
ways.

War is not the only source of cataclysmic change. Devastating earthquakes 178
sometimes destroy densely populated areas. In 1953, shortly after we left
Greece, earthquakes created havoc on the islands of Cephalonia and Zante. 731
My former interpreter, Bessie Adossides, described this in a revealing letter: [133]

> As soon as these earthquakes started, Mother and I presented ourselves to the Greek Red Cross and volunteered to go either to Cephalonia or Zante. Thus on August 13th we left via Patras for Zante. Mother was heading a group of eighteen volunteer nurses and, when we arrived at our destination, the whole town was still in flames and the place smelled of burned flesh. The disaster in the town of Zante was complete; only one church, a school, and a bank were standing. The panic, suffering, and agony of the population were indescribable. We found on our arrival that nurses from Patras had set up a provisionary tent hospital, but as there was not sufficient place for all the wounded and sick, these were being shipped to Patras. For two nights we stayed awake as the fire came very near the hospital and we had to be ready to carry everybody on board a ship in the harbor. Luckily this did not happen.

Although this letter describes the efforts of a few individuals, the whole 178
Greek nation was asked to contribute to the reconstruction of these destroyed
island communities. International agencies also helped. Such a 731
catastrophic experience, with its rupturing of some social bonds and the 659
forging of new ones, has brought about social changes in the areas affected. The economic drain resulted in readjustment of the government's plans for economic development, since substantial material resources had to be routed to this area of dire need. A few years before, the city of Volos in Thessaly had been badly affected; earlier it had been Corinth.

No matter what type of cataclysm occurs, when governmental authorities have to step in and assist in reconstruction, there is always the tendency — as expressed by one nomarch — for people to take "distribution of clothing, food, and medical care for granted, hoping it will go on forever." The fact that they have suffered entitles them, so they think, to continued support even after reconstruction days are past.

SOCIAL DRIFT

Even in a country as subjected to catastrophe as Greece, individuals decide 178
whether or not to try new ways which they have seen or about which

178 what they see that other communities have. Nothing is more irksome to
[628] those in one village than to be refused electricity from a power line passing
close by when the current is made available to other villages in the region.

Most of the time, unplanned social change takes place as a response
by villagers to forces from outside the village which impinge on their way
of life. The response may be one of solid resistence to certain types of in-
novation, even though some individuals are for the change but unwilling
to take the necessary social risk of advocating it. At other times, a selective
178 change occurs when villagers choose some new items while rejecting others.
They may welcome a new opportunity to send their sons away for more edu-
562 cation, but demur at letting their daughters pursue a similar advantage.
666 Now and then, the villagers may accept a new practice and give it a local
twist not contemplated when the practice originated elsewhere. Women,
[626] for instance, have been given the right to vote, but how they exercise this
[593] prerogative depends much on local village opinion and the authority of the
male family heads. Women who vote just as their husbands tell them to
vote, a phenomenon common in many countries other than Greece, are not
following the independence of thought and the privacy of ballot which
supposedly accompanies the free citizen. But they do vote, which testifies
to the fact that an innovation of radical proportions has been accepted.

178 This interaction between outside forces and the willingness or reluctance
of local people to change are best brought into focus in the consideration
185 of planned programs of change, which are confronting the villager on every
●727 hand.

PLANNED CHANGE

Immediately after the end of the guerrilla war, programs of welfare and
reconstruction were energetically initiated in rural areas which had suffered
most. These were designed to help the villagers rebuild their houses and
schools, replace draft animals or depleted flocks, obtain implements and
[736] seed. Food staples were also provided where needed. The orphans or other-
wise dependent children were brought into special child villages, set up by
the Queen's Fund for care and education, until old enough to go out on
their own. But these measures, planned chiefly for rehabilitation, also car-
ried with them implications for change. In doing so, they were following a
trail previously blazed.

177 Americans past middle age, who contributed to the Near East Relief at
178 the end of World War I, may or may not know that the funds donated so
generously at that time were being put to good use long after the immediate
relief needs had been met. Its successor, the Near East Foundation, chose
Greece as one of its main arenas of operation. The attempts at rural recon-
struction, or village improvement, by this organization in cooperation with
the Greek government in the 1930s have been fully described by the educa-

1:Sanders Z-5,4 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1

Conditions in Greece in 1947 (New York, 1948), p. 111. For a report done ten years later for the same sponsor by one of the earlier authors, see William Hardy McNeill, *Greece: American Aid in Action: 1947–1956* (New York, 1957). 002

7. See the mimeographed village studies done by the Near East Foundation, *et al.*, "A 'Control' Village of the Mesolongi Area" (Athens, October 1951).

8. John D. Photiadis, "The Coffee House and its Role in the Village of Stavroupolis, Greece," p. 25.

9. United States Mutual Security Agency, *Report on Greek Local Government, 1952* (Athens, Civil Government Division, 1952), pp. 16–17 (mimeographed).

10. An excellent statement of the problem is found in United States Mutual Security Agency, *Report on the Decentralization of Greek Government Services* (Athens, Civil Government Division, June 1953), mimeographed.

11. C. A. Munkman, *American Aid to Greece: A Report on the First Ten Years* (New York, 1958), p. 254. Munkman served for four years as chief of a unit in the United States Economic Mission to Greece which had the responsibility for investigating the effectiveness of expenditures in our aid program.

12. Photiadis, "The Coffee House."

13. Three documents which proved particularly helpful were prepared by O. F. Traylor, Local Tax Specialist, United States Mission: Economic Cooperation Administration, *The Financing of Greek Local Government: Special Supplement*, Report 70 (mimeographed, n.d.); *Summary Analysis of New Interim Local Finance Law* (E. L. 1910/1951, Official Gazette 221), memorandum to Director, FP Division (typed), August 10, 1951, 14 pp.; *Significance of Survey of Turkish Local Finance . . . for Financing Greek Local Units of Government*, memorandum to Joel W. C. Harper, Chief, Public Finance Section, FP Division (mimeographed), September 12, 1951, 18 pp.

14. One of the most penetrating analyses of Greek governmental administration and its problems was made by a Greek at the request of the Greek government: *Report on the Greek Economic Problem*, by Kyriakos Varvaressos (English translation, Washington, D.C., February 12, 1952, mimeographed). He cites five characteristics of the administration: excessive number of employees, particularly in the center; indifference to public interest; lowered standards through appointments of unqualified personnel; narrow bureaucratic spirit; total incapacity and willingness to meet responsibilities imposed on it by the granting of foreign aid. In fairness to all concerned, however, it should be pointed out that this was written in 1952, when Greece was trying to recover from the wounds of war.

15. These are excerpts appearing in the *Athens News*, September 17, 1952. For those preferring a happier note, the following *New York Times* item, December 12, 1955, will prove of interest:

> Athens, Dec. 11. Premier Constantin Karamanlis has announced a plan by which free medicines will be made available to 4,000,000 Greek peasants. The plan is expected to become effective at once. 65
>
> Mr. Karamanlis also announced that his Government had decided to compensate peasants whose beasts of burden had been requisitioned by the State for war purposes since 1942. [492] [727]
>
> The Premier said 120,000,000 drachmas ($4,000,000) had been earmarked in the 1955–56 budget for this ambitious welfare plan. Other Government decisions announced were to increase allocations for land improvement projects; to put aside larger amounts for middle-term loans to the peasantry; and to install a cotton press in Salonika.

16. An account in *Harper's Magazine* in 1872 on "Political Characteristics of Modern Greeks" has a most up-to-date ring. Charles Cheston, in his *Greece in 1887* (London, 1887), points out traits which survive to the present, as does William Miller in *Greek Life in Town and Country* (London, 1905). Especially appropriate are the comments by Henry Morgenthau, *I Was Sent to Athens* (Garden City, 1929), in the section on "The Greatness of the Greeks." 002

494 interior of the vehicle, there were others who had with less formality
installed themselves amidst the multitudinous array of baggage, live-
stock and firearms which renders every Greek bus incapable of passing
beneath what used, in England at least, to be described as 'a low
491 bridge'. To the north of Drama the road crosses a dusty plain for
[669] several kilometres and then turns sharply to the right between two high
peaks and winds laboriously up a rocky defile. Every few hundred yards
there was a bridge: either guarded by a block-house, manned by men
of the mobile section of the home-guard, or else lying in ruins and
necessitating a perilous descent into a dried-up water course. These
occasional outposts apart, we saw no human habitation for the best part
of another twenty kilometres, when we reached the head of the pass.
Here we halted for a few minutes and refreshed ourselves with cold
mountain water from a stream by the roadside. Shortly after three
o'clock we began the descent into the well-watered plateau, within sight
[726] of the Bulgarian frontier, on the northern fringe of which lies the
village of Kato Nevrokopi, and which had been the scene of bitter
fighting when the Germans poured into Greece in April, 1941. A few
346 minutes later we were among the houses of Nevrokopi and my fellow-
727 passengers pointed out to me the cottage, in no way distinguishable
793 from its neighbours save by the board bearing the Byzantine eagles
and the inscription ΙΕΡΑ ΜΗΤΡΟΠΟΛΙΣ ΝΕΥΡΟΚΟΠΙΟΥ beside
the door, which, *faute de mieux*, has served as the bishop's headquarters
since 1945: the old metropolis having been destroyed during the
Bulgarian occupation of eastern Macedonia.

574 Half-past three on a warm August afternoon not being a discreet
[521] hour at which to call on a Greek bishop, I retired to the green shade of a
vine beside the *plateia* to sip coffee and discuss such varied topics as the
Bishop of Birmingham, Schiller and the Scottish liturgy (and, inevitably,
the incredible folly of the British electorate in banishing Mr. Churchill
to the opposition benches), with the commanding officer of the gen-
darmerie and other local celebrities. Meanwhile, a troop of small boys
was despatched at regular intervals to reconnoitre in the vicinity of the
[513] metropolis. At half-past four it was reported that the windows were
open (all true Greeks sleep with windows and shutters firmly closed),
and I was thereupon escorted to the metropolis where I was warmly
welcomed by the Bishop. We talked until a little after six o'clock,
796 when the *ephemerios*, or curate, of the parish arrived to lead the way to
788 church for evensong.

795 territory. Kato Nevrokopi, where the Greek Metropolitan has his
648 throne, is a large village, or *comopolis* (it had a pre-war population of
about 2,000 souls), about twelve kilometres from the frontier.[1] The
[162] whole of this region was evacuated by the civilian population in
722 March, 1941, when invasion seemed imminent, most of the refugees
166 taking shelter in Drama, some forty-five kilometres to the southward.
When the Germans abandoned eastern Macedonia to the Bulgars, all
who were able to do so fled to Salonica, Verroia and other towns beyond
the river Strymon. It was only after the withdrawal of the Bulgars in
the autumn of 1944 that the Greek population began to trickle back.
● 727 In 1949 no less than twelve of the thirty villages of the diocese were
in ruins and uninhabited, and the number of the orphans was said to
[736] approach 900. Kato Nevrokopi itself, though it still bore traces of the
great battle which had raged about the forts of the Metaxas line and
[346] their heroic defenders, had come through the years of occupation and
the more recent troubles almost unscathed, save for the deliberate
destruction of the metropolis and the school.

796 It had been arranged that the Metropolitan should celebrate the
[793] liturgy next morning at the village of Dasoto, four or five miles away,
which would be keeping its patronal festival. The day was ushered in
by bugle-calls and a great beating of drums, revealing shortly after five
o'clock that the newly-formed scout troop was already abroad. These
[233] martial noises were soon mingled with the soft ringing of a multitude
[512] of bells, as the cattle were driven out through the narrow paths between
the cottages to the dusty river bed where they assemble each morning
before moving off to the pastures. By a little before seven it had become
[493] evident that others besides ourselves were keeping the feast at Dasoto,
as a few carts drawn by oxen or buffaloes, together with some solitary
riders, rattled across the bridge and headed westwards. We followed
[487] in a jeep. Our path lay through fields of maize and tall sunflowers,
above which occasional glimpses of a blue and white flag of vast
dimensions indicated the scouts' line of march, along tracks which a
heavy shower would render impassable to anything on wheels. Dasoto
[361] came into view after a quarter of an hour; a cluster of lime-washed
[342] cottages, the church prominent amongst them, on the lower slopes of
the heavily wooded heights that surround the plateau.

[793] The parish priest and some thirty or forty men and boys had come as
far as the outskirts of the village to welcome us. The Bishop's vestments,

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[1] [i.e. Bulgarian frontier - ANALYST]

5:Hammond M-5 (1948-1950)1956
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that before nightfall we should be back on the windswept heights above 574
Kalambaka and amongst the ascetics of the Thebaid of Staghi.

A little before three o'clock Father Apostolos and the village president
bade us *kalo taxeidi*, after accompanying us as far as the outskirts of the
village, and we set out for Aghios Stephanos with a guide. The sun had 792
vanished beneath the jagged rim of Pindos when we at last worked our 346
way gingerly across the icy rocks above the deserted monastery of the
Holy Trinity and came suddenly upon Aghios Stephanos, four-square
upon its rock like the heavenly Jerusalem, and found the whole of
Thessaly lying at our feet.

Vespers was drawing to a close in the church of St. Charalambos,
which stands so close to the brink of the precipice that one could, it
seemed, empty the contents of a thurible into Father Christos' chicken-run
below in Kalambaka. We spent two nights at this monastery
before setting out for the mountain villages of Pindos, and I returned
alone for a final visit some ten days later.

Of all the monasteries now inhabited St. Stephen had, it seemed 792
evident, sustained far the greatest calamities as the result of war.
Sacked first by the Italians and later by the Communists, it was a mere 727 ●
shell of a building, its unglazed windows affording little protection— 346
as we learned by bitter experience—against wind or snow. Its former
guest-rooms were crammed with wrecked furniture and empty ammunition
boxes, while the eikons in the smaller of the two churches
(the chapel dedicated to St. Stephen) had been wantonly defaced.
Almost everything of value had been carried off when the monastery
was pillaged: vestments and plate, an ancient gold cross from Mount
Athos, five horses and mules, 130 sheep, provisions and fodder, beds
and bedding, pots and pans, crockery and cutlery, carpets, even the bee
hives, and—needless to add—the excellent wine for which the monastery
was renowned in former days. The few surviving monks lacked the
barest necessities of life and it was hardly surprising that sickness
should have taken a heavy toll of this and the other communities during
the winter months. The *Igoumenos* of St. Stephen's was the Deacon 792
Anthimos, who came to the Meteora between the wars from the great
Athonite house of Vatopedi—"a good house and garden . . . snakes
very big and long in it", notes Dr. Covel. There were also living at
St. Stephen three simple monks—lay-brothers, as they would be called
in the west—Ephrem, who had been a monk for twenty years, Eusebius,
who was formerly a policeman, and Cyril. Whilst we were staying at the

5:Hammond M-5 (1948-1950)1956
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NEW WINE AND OLD BOTTLES

As of Orthodox Christendom in general, so of the Church of Greece 792 in particular, it may be said that the monastic life has been of quite unique importance in shaping her life and piety. This is no less true of the long centuries of the captivity than of the earlier and more formative ages of her history. Even to-day, when the monasteries are subject to widespread criticism, the ancient traditions of monastic spirituality persist and sometimes reveal themselves most unmistakably in precisely those circles where hostility toward the existing institutions—especially in their more idiorrhythmic forms—is most evident and outspoken. It needs to be remembered that the first stirrings of the new missionary spirit, which has had so notable an effect upon the Greek Church [794] within the space of the last 100 years, centre upon the great monastery of Megaspelaion in the Peloponnese, and that Eusebius Matthopoulos, the founder of the Brotherhood of Life, was himself a monk of this convent, steeped in the ascetic traditions of his Church.

"There is no place where the *Greek* Religion is professed", says Rycaut, "so famous for Monasteries as that of Mount *Athos;* and indeed if we consider the number of them, and of the Religious belonging thereunto, it is not to be parallel'd in all the world . . . the grand Conservatory of the Christian Religion in *Greece*, and ancient austerity of living, and therefore not unaptly stiled by them *Ἅγιον ὄρος*, or the *Holy Mountain* . . . the high Pique or Peer whereof . . . is uneven, craggy, and as horrid as Caucasus."

Athos remains, after more than 1,000 years, the heart of Greek monasticism. Isolated and aloof, the life of the holy mountain moves to a slow rhythm which is as little susceptible of change or alteration as the constant surge of the waters about the rocky promontory, in whose narrow clefts and ledges the anchorites roost like wild sea fowl. In Greece one can never wholly escape from the all-pervading influence of Athos. One is always dimly aware of the holy mountain, brooding over the dark waters of the Aegean, its head wrapped in the clouds. At the very heart of fashionable Athens one may encounter a student-deacon from the *sketai* of St. Anne, or a stately *epitropos* in silken gown bound for the offices of the Holy Synod.

Thanks to its isolation, Athos suffered comparatively little from the [727] ravages of war—though many monks endured imprisonment and ill-treatment, and considerable damage was done to monastic properties scattered about the mainland of northern Greece. The Communist [648] revolution in Russia and the subsequent division of Europe into two

792 648 hostile camps have, however, already gone far towards transforming the holy mountain into a purely Hellenic preserve, and threaten wholly to deprive it of the pan-Orthodox character which it yet retains, despite the fact that for many years now every monk has been required to adopt Greek nationality. Three of the twenty ruling monasteries—St. Panteleimon, Zographou and Chilandari—are non-Hellenic convents, being Russian, Bulgarian and Serbian respectively. In former days these monasteries were amongst the wealthiest on the mountain; St. Panteleimon, in particular, with its numerous dependencies—some of the latter far larger than any other ruling monastery—could boast of more monks than were to be found in all the other convents together. All these alien monasteries, however, were dependent mainly upon the produce of lands which now lie behind the iron curtain, and to-day, cut off as they are from their sources both of supply and of recruitment, they are in a most melancholy condition.

Of all the thousands of Russian monks who once inhabited the holy mountain scarcely 300 remain. The majority of these are aged and infirm: many of them physically incapable of cultivating the vegetables, olives and vineyards which now form the monastery's only means of support. It is now more than thirty-five years since the monks have been cut off from their own land. A certain amount of assistance continued to reach Athos from the Russian community in Jerusalem, but this also has ceased since the property became subject to the jurisdiction of the Moscow patriarchate. With the passing of the years the position of the alien monasteries becomes more and more desperate, as the list of invalids grows longer, and fewer and fewer hands are available for the support of those who can no longer work; and greatly as one may regret the fact, the day seems not far distant when Athos will become a purely Hellenic community.

792 ● 727 Mount Athos apart, the organised religious life has come very near to complete suppression in northern and central Greece during the last few years. I have already said something of the sufferings of the ascetics of the Thebaid of Staghi. The fortunes of two or three other important monasteries are not without a certain melancholy interest.

[361] Take, for example, the ancient convent of Eikosiphoinisses, which traces its foundation to the second decade of the sixth century: a vast walled enclosure on the wooded slopes of Mount Pangaion, accessible only by mule-tracks winding high above the marshes of Philippi. It is said that there were some fifty monks inhabiting the convent at the

beginning of this century. Eikosiphoinisses suffered grievously at the 792 hands of the Bulgars in 1913 and again five years later. All its flocks 727 and herds were driven off and the monastery was looted of most of its treasures—precious manuscripts, vestments, holy vessels and reliquaries. There could, therefore, be little room for doubt as to the fate in store for it when the Bulgars again swarmed into Greece in the wake of the German forces in the summer of 1941.

The history of the convent from this time down till its destruction three years later is obscure. The pillage of its remaining property seems to have commenced about two months after the Bulgars had descended upon Drama and expelled the Greek clergy; a certain Botseph, Bulgarian *protosyngellos* of the metropolis, celebrated the festival of the Dormition of the Mother of God by stealing from the monastery a mitre, an ancient chalice, six silver crosses such as are used for the blessing of the waters at Epiphany, sundry liturgical vestments and ten manuscripts on parchment from the library. Some six weeks later several Bulgarian officers were moved to emulate the pious labours of this worthy ecclesiastic. They returned from their expedition to the heights of Pangaion driving before them a train of asses laden with clothing, furniture and other tangible fruits of their pilgrimage.

Another Bulgar, Sophronios Natseph, the *epitropos*, makes a fleeting and discreditable appearance upon the stage of Greek history on June 20th, 1943, on which day he despoiled Eikosiphoinisses of seventeen carpets, ninety-eight goats and as much bedding as he and his accomplices were able to bear away with them down the rocky paths.

The final chapter in this catalogue of infamy was written a little more than a year after this episode when, on July 13th, 1944—a few months before they fled from the scene of their barbarous crimes—the Bulgars set fire to the monastery and destroyed it utterly. Only the *catholicon* [346] (which stood somewhat apart in the centre of the great courtyard) and a single block of cells survived the conflagration; the rest of the convent, including a three-storied edifice said to contain 300 cells, the bakery and the refectory (dating from the eleventh century), and all the stables and outbuildings were gutted. Before setting fire to the monastery the Bulgars looted it of everything of value and drove off all the live-stock. The library, which contained some 1,500 volumes, was reduced to ashes.

All the monks of this monastery endured great hardship and privation. One was executed by the Bulgars; another died as the result of the treatment which he suffered at their hands. The former was the *monachos*

THE WATERS OF MARAH

792 Daniel—a native of Thasos, who had taken refuge in the village of
Palaiochori, on the lower slopes of Pangaion, when the district was
727 invaded by the Bulgars. He was tortured before being put to death.
The other monk who perished was the *hieromonachos* Sophronios, carried off as a hostage to Bulgaria. The *igoumenos* of the monastery, Gregorios Katsivakes, fled with several other monks to the village of Nikesiani, a few miles to the northward. There he fell into the hands of the Bulgars and was carried off into exile in northern Bulgaria. After six terrible months he was allowed to return, broken in health, to Nikesiani where he remained supported by the alms of the people.

When the occupation was over, Mount Pangaion—together with the
[669] heights of Chalkidiki (with which it enjoys easy communications)—
became a stronghold of the *katsapliades*. The coastal road between Cavalla and Salonica was closed to traffic after it had been mined repeatedly, and all vehicles had to make a long detour to the north of Pangaion by way of Drama and Serres. The ruins of Eikosiphoinisses remained uninhabited. Only recently have a handful of monks gone back to the monastery which lies desolate like the city of the Philippians amidst the marshes far below.

A few miles to the north-west of Eikosiphoinisses and close to the town of Serres stands another historic convent, that of St. John the Forerunner. This, too, has fallen a prey on more than one occasion to the rapacity of the Bulgars. In 1918 the conventual library was looted and its chief treasures carried off to the Bulgarian monastery of Rila. Thence, in due course, they were returned to the Greek government, and (with a view to their greater security), distributed amongst the libraries of Athens. The cataloguing of the library of this Macedonian convent had, incidentally, been carried out some years before this calamity by one who was subsequently to become a well-known figure throughout western Christendom: the late Metropolitan of Thyateira, Germanos.

In 1941 the monastery was sacked by the Bulgars. The monks joined the innumerable host of refugees. Several are said to have died of starvation in the streets of occupied Serres. Others escaped to Nigrita, Salonica and Athens. Seven of them came back in 1945 and were
[669] joined by two novices. It was not long, however, before the monastery
was again attacked and pillaged—this time by the Communists. Every
scrap of food and clothing was carried off to sustain the democratic
warriors of the mountains. In view of the constant threat of further

raids, the Metropolitan of Serres arranged for rations to be sent daily to the monastery, and this state of affairs endured down till the summer of 1949, when it was considered safe to lay in stores once again. In the spring of 1950 only three monks were living in the convent: one of them a priest who could celebrate the divine mysteries. The other monks had been sent by the Metropolitan to serve in parishes of the diocese, where (owing to the very high proportion of casualties amongst the village clergy), the shortage of clergy was peculiarly grave. 792 727

All over northern Greece the same tragic history has been re-enacted time and time again. The monastery of Aghios Nikanor, Zavordas, lies at the heart of a barren and desolate region to the southward of Kozani, and within the jurisdiction of the Metropolitan of Grevena. Like so many Greek monasteries its situation is remarkable: the summit of a high rock set amidst the swirling waters of the Aliakmon. The remoteness of its site, far from the lines of communication, brought this convent through the years of occupation unscathed; isolation, however, afforded little protection against the Communists. The monastery was attacked and looted; everything of the slightest value was borne off to the mountains together with the convent's pack-animals and its 300 sheep and goats. The abbot, Father Gabriel Balayiannes, and an older monk named Gerasimos Stathopoulos were murdered, and the survivors fled to the village of Palaiochori (some four hours' journey from the monastery) where they were still living when I visited this region in the spring of 1950. [361] [669]

Southwards, over the pass which skirts snow-capped Olympus and connects western Macedonia with the broad plains of Thessaly, stands the ancient monastery of Panaghia Olympiotissa at Elassona. This, too, was pillaged, the monks driven out, the abbot severely beaten, imprisoned and sent into exile. In almost every diocese of Macedonia, Thrace and Epirus the few surviving monasteries and their inhabitants have suffered a like fate.

The Abbé de St. Michon observes that in his day the Greek monk was a patriot who fought for the independence of his country, and who was loved for virtues which belong more to the soldier than to the man of prayer. The cannon of Megaspelaion were indeed used to some purpose against the Turk during the war of independence, and Urquhart gives a vivid description of his arrival at the monastery of Lezini, in the guise of a "goul or spirit of the marsh", with twenty muskets and a nine-pounder full of grape trained upon him. Alas! the monkish batteries

792 have been allowed to rust these many years, and armed resistance,
727 however effective it may have been a century ago against a lightly armed
assailant, could have availed the monks but little in the face of an enemy equipped with modern artillery. The monasteries lay at the mercy of the *barbaroi*: an easy prey, holding out a tempting prospect of plunder.

Elsewhere in Greece the destruction and pillage of religious houses has been less universal than in the isolated dioceses of the north. The ascetic life still flourishes in many communities scattered amongst the islands and in the Peloponnese; one may still find convents where the unrelenting battle with the powers of darkness is waged with something of its ancient ardour and where the monk is still manifestly the guardian of the walls; but such houses, it must be confessed, are now few and far between.

792 It must not, however, be supposed that the present decline of Greek
178 monasticism is wholly attributable to the effects of a decade of war.
Long before the storm burst upon them in 1940 the Greek monasteries
659 had, with few exceptions, been reduced to a sorry plight. At the beginning of the nineteenth century many convents were very wealthy. Since then the foundations of their economy have been undermined by the loss of their properties situated in Rumania, the Caucasus and elsewhere, and as the result of a series of confiscations by the Hellenic government dating from 1833 onwards. Although a portion of the wealth made available by these confiscations has gone to swell the General Ecclesiastical Fund, and so to benefit the work of the Church, this anti-monastic legislation continues to arouse acrimonious controversy not only among the monks but (for rather different reasons) among churchmen in general.

There are, nevertheless, few laymen who would oppose the diversion of monastic property to the furtherance of social and educational projects and the improvement of the condition of the parochial ministry.
792 The contemplative life has few champions outside the *sketai* of the holy
178 mountain. There are many who value the monasteries for their former contribution to the life of the nation, for their traditions of hospitality, and for their archaeological interest, but few indeed who now regard them as centres of spiritual power. The traditional monasticism has come to be looked upon—at any rate in the towns—as an out-of-date phenomenon, quite irrelevant to the needs of the present time.

This is true not least of many of the leaders of the new movements,

IX

A DAY OF WASTENESS AND DESOLATION

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> It is not enough to understand the extremity of the affliction that has been endured, although if this is not understood, nothing has been understood.
>
> F. A. VOIGT
> *The Greek Sedition*

SINCE a measure of security was restored to Greece, the ecclesiastical authorities have had little respite from urgent practical problems clamouring for solution. To the most cursory reader of a periodical such as *Ekklesia* (the official journal of the Greek Church), it must have been apparent that during the years which followed the collapse of the Communist sedition the bishops were constantly preoccupied with questions of material welfare and relief. Scarcely an issue but contained some reference to the resettlement of refugees, plans for the rebuilding of destroyed churches or the provision of clothing for the clergy; while the *Paidoupolis*, the *Paidikos Stathmos* and the P.I.K.P.A. clinic and food-distribution centre had, it would seem, become permanent features of the diocesan organisation in many parts of Greece.

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It would, nevertheless, be a mistake to assume that the Church of Greece was forced by her preoccupation with these overwhelming material needs to neglect what must always be her primary task. Quite the contrary is true. That concern for the poor, the prisoners, the homeless and the oppressed which one looks for in a Church which pays peculiar reverence to St. John Chrysostom, went hand in hand with a missionary activity which, all else apart, would have sufficed to make the decade from 1940 to 1950 a memorable one in the annals of the Greek Church. Greece, as a theologian of the Zoë Brotherhood wrote to me in 1949, "issued from the war completely ruined—materially. Nothing was left to her of her national wealth. Her houses, villages, fields, factories, communications, and economy were all utterly destroyed. Spiritually, nevertheless, she emerged from the chaos of war reborn."

It is only against this background of suffering and devastation, of

727 794 foreign occupation and armed sedition, that it is possible to grasp the full significance of the spiritual ferment which marked these ten years, or to understand the magnitude of the task which the Church faces at the present time. For this reason I make no apology for dwelling at some length on the extent of the all-engulfing catastrophe which overwhelmed the Greek nation from the time of the Italian invasion of 1940 down to the decisive defeat of the Communists in the campaigns of 1949.

722 727 Much has already been written concerning the sufferings of the people of Greece during these terrible years: about the horrors of the occupation, the burning and pillage of undefended villages, the famine which carried off more than 300,000 men, women and children, and the multitude of the homeless approaching in number the population of Athens and the Piraeus. Long before the end of the struggle with the Communists was in sight the destruction had become so manifest, so universal, that after a time one no longer marvelled. One came to accept the long lines of shattered rolling-stock stretching westwards from the walls of Salonica across the plain towards the muddy waters of the Vardar; the rusting carriages which lay strewn around the fair shores of Salamis. It was impossible to travel for any distance without encountering a dynamited bridge, a recently filled mine-crater, or the blackened ruins of an abandoned village. Every town of northern Greece was crowded with refugees, and even the suburbs of Salonica were liable to nocturnal bombardment.

722 727 795 [793] Little attention, however, has as yet been given to the effect of ten years of all but unbroken warfare upon the life of the Church: to the breakdown of normal parochial organisation over large tracts of country for two or three years at a stretch, in consequence of the flight of the clergy together with their people from the villages; to the slaughter of the country parsons, and the destruction and looting of countless churches and monasteries which were to create such insuperable problems when the time came for the refugees to return to their homes; to the fate of those dioceses which were occupied by the Bulgars, who attempted to eradicate every trace of 'Hellenism' from those areas of eastern Macedonia and Thrace which fell to their lot; where the Greek bishops and their clergy were supplanted by Bulgars, the Greek service-books burned; where the very saints were de-Hellenised and had their names repainted in Slavonic characters. All who were able to do so fled from this region and took refuge in Salonica or in other towns to the west of the river Strymon, though some 40,000 were massacred. In the

diocese of Drama no less than forty of the 112 parish churches were 722
burned down, as well as the monastery of Eikosiphoinisses. 727●

Elsewhere in Greece, and particularly in those areas traversed by 795
important lines of communication, the number of the homeless mounted steadily as guerilla activity drew savage reprisals upon the villages. One had only to spend a few days in the mountains which lie to the westward of the Thessalian township of Kalambaka, for example, to see something of the effect of these reprisal raids. Church after church was gutted: mere empty shells with fragments of ancient paintings clinging to the tottering walls. In this diocese of Trikka and Staghi alone, twenty-four village churches were completely destroyed during the occupation and many others more or less seriously damaged. Nor did the towns escape the flood of destruction: Edessa, for example, which was set on fire by the Germans on September 12th, 1944, and where five churches perished in the ensuing conflagration, or Iannitsa which suffered a like fate two days later; Larissa, which had scarcely recovered from an earthquake when it was bombed by the Italians, and Kerkyra where more than sixty per cent. of the buildings were destroyed or damaged.

After the occupying troops had withdrawn from Greece in the 722
autumn of 1944 and the Communist sedition had met with its first 727
reverse, there ensued a period of comparative tranquillity. The refugees 669
returned to their villages and some progress was made in repairing the damage wrought during the years of occupation. But a greater trial was still to come. From the autumn of 1946 onwards the full violence of the armed sedition which had slowly been gathering its energies since its temporary set-back of December, 1944, was let loose upon the country dioceses. It was utterly out of question for the Greek army, even with the assistance of the gendarmerie and the local militia, to garrison hundreds of isolated hamlets lying in mountainous districts where communications were of the most rudimentary kind. The defence of the northern frontiers presented problems enough and to spare. It was not long, therefore, before the country people were forced to flee from their lands and homes and to seek refuge in those centres which possessed a garrison. Large areas of northern and central Greece were soon abandoned to the roving Communist bands.

Some of the refugees found their way to Athens and Salonica, but 722
the majority crowded with their surviving animals and such few 362
possessions as they had been able to carry with them in their flight into

722 362 the small country towns which serve as centres for the ecclesiastical administration. Here many of them remained for three years. Some, and those the most fortunate, were able to build themselves wooden houses or *kalyvai*; others were lodged in huts; multitudes, especially in Macedonia, lived (often twenty or twenty-five families together) in old Turkish houses; those who fared worst of all had to be content with hastily improvised shelters of mud and thatch, or even to pass the bitter months of winter in tents. By the end of 1948 the number of the refugees exceeded 700,000: for the second time within ten years a tenth part of the whole nation was homeless. The country towns were packed with refugees: not a ruined cottage or a stable but sheltered two or three families. Some words from Thomas Alcock's *Travels in Russia, Persia, Turkey and Greece in 1828-29* might well have been written 120 years later: "Nothing in Greece", says this traveller, "can more forcibly give an idea of the war that has been carried on, than finding on inquiry that not a third of the residents in any place are natives of it, but only sojourners there, till security is afforded them in their own birth-places."

727 793 [792] [798] The parish clergy fled with their people to the comparative security of the towns, but the priest was a marked man and many failed to make good their escape. No less than 239 priests and monks were done to death by the Communists alone, and seventy-seven by the Germans, while a further forty-seven died at the hands of Bulgars, Italians or Albanian moslems. Of the total number of 363 the majority (297 to be precise) were parish priests: no single category of the population sustained heavier casualties in the slaughter of these years than the village *papades*.

793 798 "I triumphed", says De Quincey, "but infer not, reader, a condition *of joy or exultation*." Not all of those who died were men of the quality of the heroic parish priest of the village of Megarchis, Papa George Skrekas, who was crucified by the Communists on Good Friday, 1947. Nor, needless to add, did every Christian who suffered for the faith during the first three centuries of our era embrace death with the ardour of an Ignatius or the serenity of a Polycarp. The Church of Greece has ever been rich in martyrs, and there are not a few names—unknown though they be to Christendom at large—which have been added during the last ten years to the roll of those who will be remembered in the mountain dioceses whenever the Church gathers for the eucharist:

A DAY OF WASTENESS AND DESOLATION 793

> "Thy Church, O Christ our God, in all the world is adorned with 798
> the blood of thy martyrs as with purple and fine linen."

But for every village *papas* who died, a dozen fled to the shelter of the 722
nearest fortified post. Some went further afield, to live with relatives
in Athens or the Piraeus, and in 1949 many bishops had, in addition to 793
their catalogue of refugee clergy, a further list of those who were
'missing'—whose fate and whereabouts were unknown. Often a very
large proportion of the clergy of a diocese were homeless: seventy-five
of the ninety-three parish priests of the diocese of Grevena, for example,
had been forced to abandon their parishes by the winter of 1948-49;
while in the neighbouring see of Trikka and Staghi there were at that
time no less than ninety-nine refugee clergy. The Lord Nikephoros,
Metropolitan of Kastoria, told me that his sixty-three homeless *papades*
included eighteen men, recently ordained after completing their training
at the Kozani seminary, who had had no parochial experience under
normal conditions. The economic situation of the refugee clergy was
peculiarly difficult, deprived as they were of their fees as well as their lands.

It is doubtful whether anything—not even the carrying off of Greek
children to territories beyond the iron curtain—did more to deprive 722
the Communists of any vestige of sympathy in the country districts of 727 ●
Greece than their barbarous treatment of churches and clergy. The 795
impassioned harangues of the Communist schoolmaster could avail
but little, in the face of this desecration of holy things, to commend 669
his cause to a people whose deepest loyalties had been outraged. What
could be expected of men who burned down churches and defaced the
eikons of the saints; who laid their infernal engines within the very
sanctuary before the holy table; who crucified priests, and pillaged the
monasteries where prayer had been offered for the whole state of Christ's
Church from time immemorial? What could words avail the unhappy
perpetrators of such terrible deeds? The 'Accursed of God' might burn
and pillage and make fervent protestation of the surpassing excellence
of their aims, they could not wipe out the impression created by their
manifest hatred of the Church. As after the disclosure of the atrocities
committed during the battle for Athens and the Piraeus in December,
1944, so in the face of these new horrors, there was a widespread reluctance to admit that Greeks could perpetrate such deeds. The men [619]
who did such things must be Slavs or Bulgars—no Greek could be
capable of such crimes against God and against his own nation.

THE WATERS OF MARAH

727 795 By the summer of 1950 it had become possible to gain some notion of the full extent of the material destruction which the Church had sustained since the beginning of the war; although with large tracts of northern Greece uninhabited until a few months before, the compiling of accurate statistics—never a simple matter—presented problems such as only one who had been in Greece during the last few years could hope to appreciate fully. I have already referred to the wholesale destruction of churches and monasteries. This, though serious enough, was perhaps most easily remedied. I remember one bishop who chuckled inordinately when I questioned him on this subject; "All that is necessary", he assured me, "is that I should go in person to the village with a spade and set to work, and then: *Panaghia!* in no time at all the whole village will turn out and a new church will be built before one can say a *kathisma* of psalms!"

More serious, perhaps, and not confined to those villages where the fabric of the church had been demolished, was the acute shortage of liturgical books, chalices, vestments, and other accessories of worship which could not be supplied from local resources. The dearth of [213] service-books, in particular, was occasioning widespread difficulty. Old Venetian editions had been brought in from long-abandoned monasteries and remote hill-top chapels which had escaped pillage—though the antique characters in which many of them were printed, while intelligible enough to the experienced monk, made it difficult for the average *papas* (to say nothing of the village choir) to read the service with any facility.

727 793 346 I remarked in an earlier chapter that the metropolis is as a rule one of the most impressive and substantial buildings of a provincial town. In 1950, however, several bishops were homeless. The Metropolitan of Grevena was living in lodgings, having one room for his personal use and another which served as the diocesan office; the Lord Agathangellos of Nevrokopi was living in the most apostolic simplicity in two barely furnished rooms; nor, amongst the provincial 'saints', were such cases exceptional.

727 794 Faced by a catastrophe so complete and overwhelming, the first concern of the Church was to try to meet the urgent demand for the bare necessities of life: for food, clothing and shelter. Everywhere the response was the same: orphanages, homes for refugee children, centres for the distribution of food and clothing, clinics and hospitals, were

5:Hammond M-5 (1948-1950)1956
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created as it were out of nothing. Everywhere these institutions were hastily improvised in the face of desperate and clamorous necessity, and, more often than not, maintained with a heroic disregard for the universal lack of material resources, and a courage worthy of a St. Vincent de Paul. 727 794

In almost every diocese the bishop bore a heavy responsibility in this work of relief. Nearly always he exercised a close personal supervision over the various institutions which had come into being in response to the need of a people driven, for the second time within less than ten years, from their homes and lands; over the *estia* where for several years milk was distributed daily to thousands of refugee children; the *paidikos stathmos* where infants were cared for during the day; the distribution of clothing, black stuff for cassocks, soap, cocoa, macaroni, beans, sugar, boots and shoes—all the multiplicity of urgently needed supplies with which a host of relief organisations, societies, British and American towns and villages, and private benefactors sought to succour the people of Greece in their distress. [648]

At Siderokastro, for example, the Metropolitan (who as assistant bishop of Salonica was an ardent supporter of the work of the Near East Foundation during the period between the wars), founded a small hospital where poor families could receive free medical attention, as well as a remarkable school of housekeeping for girls of marriageable age. Like all the Macedonian 'despots', the Bishop was president of the local branch of the national relief organisation known as P.I.K.P.A., and supervised the two centres from which milk and cocoa were issued daily to thousands of refugee children from the villages of his diocese. [657] [793]

At Edessa, in western Macedonia, the Metropolitan founded, shortly after the end of the occupation, an orphanage for twenty-five boys. This was originally situated in a house on the outskirts of the town, but during the heavy fighting at Epiphany, 1949—when Naoussa, a few kilometres to the southward, was sacked by the Communists and more than 600 of its inhabitants carried away captive to the mountains—this building was extensively damaged and rendered almost uninhabitable. The Bishop then established his orphans under the care of a monk in a dilapidated Turkish house next to the metropolis, and this was subsequently transformed into a permanent orphanage. Not content with this, the Bishop proceeded to found two further orphanages attached to nearby monasteries, as soon as the district was sufficiently tranquil [669] [792]

727 794 to permit the monks and nuns—who had taken refuge in the town of Edessa—to return to their respective convents. A fourth orphanage was established a few miles away at Iannitsa.'

[792] So, all over Greece, there was heroic improvisation in the face of overwhelming material need; and, as at Edessa and Siderokastro, so in many another provincial town from the Peloponnese to the remotest fringes of northern Epirus and Thrace, the courage and initiative of the local 'despot' were factors of incalculable importance.

727 794 793 And yet, as I emphasised at the beginning of this chapter, preoccupation with the material needs of her children did not cause the Church to neglect their spiritual welfare. The feeding and clothing of the homeless and the destitute, the distribution of soup and the creation of hospitals and orphanages, went hand in hand with the preaching of the Gospel. The Metropolitan of Siderokastro was not content with his hospital, his P.I.K.P.A. centres and his school of housekeeping. Even while the issue of the long struggle with the Communists was yet in the balance—and the Bulgarian frontier lies barely ten miles to the northward of the town—the Lord Basil was organising his "Guardians of Spiritual Enlightenment" and pressing ahead with the construction of a *Christianiki Estia*: a building comprising a large hall, library, class-rooms and offices, which should serve as a centre for the already vigorous Christian youth movements of the diocese and for training catechists and preachers. He needed, as every bishop did, cassocks for his clergy, food and clothing and medical supplies for his stricken people; but he was anxious above all to obtain Greek New Testaments for his catechetical schools, and a duplicator which would enable him to send a weekly sermon to every village *papas* in the diocese.

795 So it was elsewhere. Nothing that I saw in Greece impressed me more deeply than the fact that it was so often in precisely those districts where suffering had been most acute, where destruction and devastation were most evident, that the life of the Church seemed to burn most brightly. Suffering and desolation, which in a people less profoundly Christian than the Greeks might have brought forth nothing more creative than despair, have in Greece borne precious fruit. Deprived of all worldly security and riches, the Church has been forced back upon the Rock whereon she is founded; has learned anew that there can be no resurrection apart from the cross—the instrument of shameful death which is yet the throne of the victor. Through prolonged suffering she has

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A MACEDONIAN DIOCESE

Wyd was his parisshe, and houses fer a-sonder.

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722 204 A FEW paces from the gates of the University of Salonica, just south of the Via Ignatia where antique tramcars go clanging across the dusty waste that was once the Jewish cemetery, the daily papers, which play so important a part in Greek intellectual and social life, used to be publicly displayed every morning so that all men—poor scholars and unbeneficed clerks as well as prosperous merchants rich in this world's goods—might read of the heroic exploits of the armies which strove to drive the Accursed of God from the snowy heights of Pindos: a public-spirited gesture, worthy of a people who have ever set the pursuit of truth far beyond mere commercial advantage, and one of which I was often glad to avail myself on my way from the university library at midday.

722 793 One sunny forenoon in the spring of 1949 as I scanned the headlines of *Kathimerini* and *Akropolis* a photograph caught my eye. At first sight it seemed in no way remarkable: a group of country clergy gathered about their father in God—the latter an impressive figure wearing the *enkolpion*, or pectoral eikon, which is the mark of the higher clergy. Closer scrutiny, however, revealed that this was no ordinary clerical assembly, for every one of these reverend personages had a rifle slung across his shoulder. I turned in some astonishment to the accompanying paragraph and read that "in the war against the insurgents, the clergy of Grevena hastened to be enrolled under the banner of the movement for the deliverance of the Hellenic race. . . ." The photograph, it concluded, "shows the Metropolitan of Grevena with his armed priests".

● 727 793 I went to lunch with my curiosity whetted. Grevena, I knew, was a peculiarly isolated diocese and one that had suffered severely, first at the hands of the Germans and again in the present troubles. Further enquiries disclosed that the present Metropolitan, the Lord Theokletos, was a man renowned for his ardent patriotism and his immense stature.

A MACEDONIAN DIOCESE

During the weeks which followed I had occasion to correspond with 727 this prelate as to the state of his diocese, and received a pressing invitation 793 to come and see for myself the desperate conditions resulting from eight years of all but continuous warfare.

Some months went by before an opportunity presented itself, and 484 then one morning in February, 1950, found me travelling westwards from Kozani in a jeep belonging to the 2nd Army Corps. When I had last come this way, the previous March, we had been constrained to travel in convoy: a seemingly endless line of heavy army trucks laden with provisions, fodder and ammunition for the outlying garrisons of northern Pindos. It had been the eve of the festival of the Annunciation 527 —which is also the day on which Greece commemorates the raising of the standard of revolt by the Archbishop of Patras in 1821—and every vehicle was decked with evergreens and plastered with patriotic slogans:

ΖΗΤΩ Ο ΒΑΣΙΛΕΥΣ
ΖΗΤΩ ΤΟ ΕΘΝΟΣ
ΖΗΤΩ Ο ΣΤΡΑΤΟΣ.

The wild, mountainous tract of country that lies south and west of 491 Kozani is a desolate region at all times, and never more so than in early February when the outworks of the great fortress of Pindos are veiled in snow, and icy winds scour the exposed valley which leads westward away from the haunts of men. A mile or two from Siatista the road forked and we turned southwards out of the teeth of the wind, the lightly-laden jeep lurching and jolting over the deeply-scored, rock-strewn surface of a truly Hellenic road—"the worst road in all Macedonia", the driver assured me with emphasis.

At Grevena—set drab and cheerless amongst low hills, the gaunt ruin of the orphanage dark against the sky—boulders gave place to mud. It lapped about us as we turned out of the market, where I had a fleeting glimpse of whiskered *papades* in rusty cassocks sprawled round a table amidst the dull gleam of copper pans and cauldrons. A veritable sea of mud, churned by the wheels of heavy vehicles, stretched unbroken from the steps of the regimental headquarters towards the broken line of ramshackle dwellings beyond the river.

Here on the furthermost fringe of Macedonia the road was swallowed up in the muddy deeps; beyond the cottages lay the massive rampart of Pindos, traversed only by mule-tracks winding high among the

491 snows, westwards towards Metsovo and Epirus. To the southward a few paths—impassable save on foot during the winter months—gave access to Kalambaka and the plains of Thessaly.

793 After paying my respects to the colonel in command of the garrison
I plunged afresh into the inland sea and struck out for the metropolis:
a simple cottage where the Bishop rented a couple of rooms. The Lord
Theokletos—a monumental figure in an ungirt robe of indigo—looked
785 strangely out of place in such a setting. The Friday fast was waived out
of regard to the presence of a traveller, and when we had eaten the
574 Metropolitan told me something of the state of his diocese. It was a
gloomy picture that he outlined.

722 Owing to the remoteness of the district and its poor communications
793 almost every village had been abandoned by its inhabitants from 1947
till the summer of 1949. Grevena itself, a comopolis with a pre-war
727 population in the region of 3,500, had, for more than two years,
sheltered five times that number of refugees. During the past six months it had been possible for the people to return to certain villages situated in the northern part of the diocese, but there were reputed to be more than 2,000 families still living in the great refugee camp on the southern fringes of the town, and sixty-four of the diocese's ninety-six villages were still, after three years, uninhabited. Many of the fugitives had fled southwards to Kalambaka, Trikkala and Larissa; others had sought refuge in Kozani.

The refugees had included seventy-five parish priests, only sixteen of whom had as yet been able to return to their villages. Two priests had been done to death by the Germans; three others, as well as three monks, murdered by the Communists. As recently as October, 1949, the solitary occupant of the monastery of St. Athanasius, close to the village of Trikomon, had returned home after two years' exile, despite the advice of the Bishop and others who counselled him to wait two or
three months longer, only to be brutally murdered within the space of a
798 few days. It was when matters were at their worst that the Bishop formed
his clerical militia and drilled his venerable warriors in the square where stands the monument to his predecessor in the see of Grevena, the Metropolitan Aimilianos, who had suffered death at the hands of the Turks in 1911 and is revered in this region as a martyr. This redoubtable force had never been called upon to take the field against the Accursed of God, but, said the Lord Theokletos, it had served as an example.

As to the destruction of churches, it seemed that some months must

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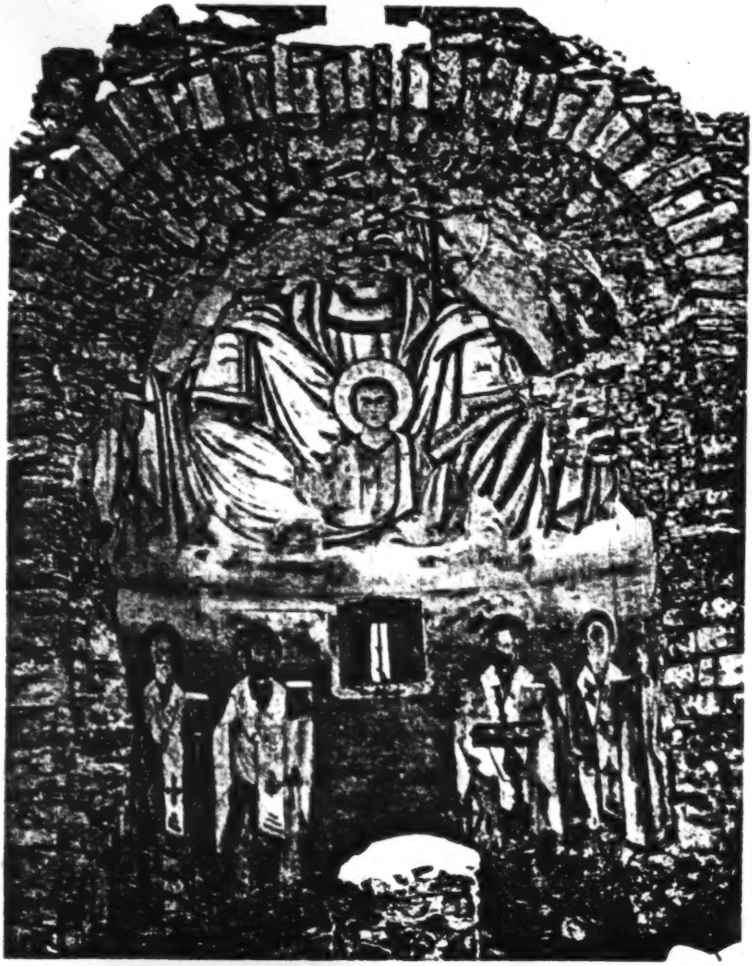

II The church at Ziakas

[facing p.102]

5:Hammond M-5 (1948-1950)1956
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inevitably elapse before the Bishop could hope to be in a position to 722
make a detailed statement. He instructed his secretary to provide me 727
with a report embodying such information as had reached him. Grevena 793
itself had suffered a heavy bombardment during the retreat of 1941 and the cathedral church of the Annunciation had been seriously damaged (the old cathedral of St. George had been destroyed by fire several years earlier). On the outskirts of the town lay a little church dedicated to St. Archelaos of Larissa. This had become the parish church of the refugees. Here, from 1947 onwards, the refugee clergy had assembled daily to sing mattins and evensong, and on Sundays and festivals to
celebrate together the divine mysteries. This church, as I subsequently [794]
discovered, also served as a centre for the distribution of rations to the vast multitude of the homeless who dwelt in the nissen huts on the edge of the town. On my way back to the metropolis I ran into a large group of refugee clergy. They had got wind of my projected expedition and begged me to visit their villages and to bring back news of their condition after three years' abandonment.

I returned to the regimental headquarters at dusk, armed with my 123
report, and spent an hour poring over maps with a young captain from Volos. We finally decided upon two itineraries, each of several days' duration. The first would enable me to see something of those parts of the diocese which were still uninhabited, and about which the Bishop had little information; the second, to visit several villages north and west of Grevena to which the refugees had lately returned. Arrangements having been made for a nine o'clock start the following morning, I returned to the metropolis for supper and discussed the Zoë movement and the architectural projects of the Metropolitan of Siatista with the Lord Theokletos until it was time for bed.

Saturday, February 4th, dawned fine and dry. The first stage of my 484
journey was accomplished in a jeep driven by an *Epeirotes* who had concealed two British soldiers in his house at Iannina during the occupation. Less than five miles from Grevena the track which we were following gave up the ghost and further progress was impossible. At this point we were met by a sergeant and two soldiers, mounted on mules and leading a handsome bay mare caparisoned after the European
manner. It took us an hour to climb to the village of Mavranaioi, which 727
was strongly garrisoned (it had been partly inhabited since the previous October). After lunching with the officers of the garrison I resumed

727 my journey with an escort of seven soldiers, and with a corporal of the gendarmerie as guide.

At three o'clock we reached Mavronoros, the 'Black Mountain'; a small village, quite deserted and in ruins. Somewhat surprisingly, [346] the church (which was dedicated to St. Theodore) had survived the bombardment. A single projectile had apparently found its mark and a portion of the vault had collapsed, but the walls were sound enough and the paintings which covered them had not as yet suffered greatly from exposure to the elements. A chapel on the hill above the village was completely gutted and almost every house was in ruins. So complete was the destruction that we were unable to identify the remains of the school.

484 A brief halt and we set out towards Ziakas, where I was to spend the night. We followed a water-course for some distance before intercepting the mule track. The ground had thawed since morning and the going was laborious. On a ridge commanding a wide prospect of this abandoned countryside we met the relief escort from the Ziakas garrison, and I reluctantly relinquished my handsome mount for a mule saddled after the school of Macedonia. We crossed the Venetikos by an ancient bridge and reached the headquarters of the garrison, a kilometre below the ruins of the village, a little before sunset.

727 It was too late to see anything of Ziakas that day, but the isolated community was delighted to have a visitor and the evening passed merrily enough. The night was chilly and I slept fitfully. From the [136] [231] mountains, which rise to close on 5,000 feet above the village, came the howling of wolves and jackals. Two wolves had ventured into Mavranaioi itself a few nights earlier, and, despite the vigilance of the sentries, had attacked and killed one of the mules picketed amongst the cottages. There had been neither sheep nor goats in these mountains for more than three years.

The morning was cold and cheerless without trace of sun. I took leave of my hosts about half-past nine and was accompanied to the village by a young lieutenant from Salonica. Ziakas had not only been burned by the Germans; it had more than once been the scene of heavy [346] [532] fighting within the last three years. The church stood at the entrance to the village. It was completely ruined, but a few paintings still clung to the walls of the apse, and, amidst the waste and desolation wrought by man's sin, the Son of the Virgin, the Alpha and the Omega, raised His hands in blessing. The destruction of the village—one of the largest in the region—was complete and spectacular. The shattered walls were daubed with Communist slogans. We threaded our way amongst the ruined houses to a building on the farthest side of the village which had been roughly repaired to afford shelter for an advanced outpost, drank a glass of cognac whilst my escort laced up their boots and buckled on their equipment, and left for Spelaion and Trikomon shortly after eleven. 727

The paths were ice-bound and treacherous, the snow deep in places. Spelaion came into view after half an hour, set amongst towering cliffs. A long and laborious ascent between high rocks, the Venetikos murmuring through its gorge far below, the path clinging to precipitous cliffs rising from the dwarf oaks and myrtle to lose themselves in the grey mists that swirled about their summits, brought us to a point immediately below the village. After a stiff climb through massive fortifications of uncertain date, we suddenly found ourselves looking down upon a tiny Byzantine church with twin domes, sharply outlined against the untrodden snow; a sombre red jewel laid in a setting of purest white. 484

This proved to be the catholicon of a small monastery, dedicated to the Mother of God. The interior of the church was dark and silent as a tomb; within the sanctuary liturgical books, eikons and vestments were strewn in confusion. The book of the Gospels lay closed upon the holy table, between two reliquaries of tarnished silver. We found a few stumps of candle and lighted them before the eikons of the Lord and His Mother; the spluttering flames banished the darkness and disclosed the presence of a host of emaciated figures gazing down upon us from wall and eikonostasis. We said a prayer and withdrew. 727 346

Though the church was undamaged, the other buildings which enclosed three sides of the roughly quadrangular space occupied by the monastery were all in ruins. Below, in the centre of the village, we found a second church, dedicated to St. Athanasius. This too had escaped serious damage, though the windows were unglazed and dead leaves lay piled against the eikonostasis and rustled about the throne of the bishop. Inaccessible on the cliffs above the Venetikos, Spelaion seemed built to withstand a siege, and we were not surprised to find that it had apparently served as a base for the *katsapliades*. A large house in the centre of the village had evidently been the Communist headquarters, and party slogans were scrawled over every wall. When we returned to the monastery, where the animals had been tethered, the candles still 727 [669]

727 flickered within the church. Leaving the saints to their solitary vigil
we plunged deeper into the uninhabited wastes that stretched southward toward Metsovo and the Thebaid of Staghi.

During the course of the next four days we worked our way eastwards to Trikomon and Kipouryio, and then turned north towards Mavranaioi and Grevena, to complete the first part of my itinerary. At three of the villages on our route there were isolated garrisons: otherwise the whole district lay abandoned. We passed through hamlet after hamlet where every house was destroyed, where churches stood open to the skies and
no living creature broke the three-year silence. At Kipouryio the chapel
[669] of St. Paraskeve—a saint whose apparent connexion with the sixth day
[346] of the week (in Greek, *paraskeve*, the day of preparation) has given rise
to some very singular local cults in the country districts—had been
[776] stripped of its furnishings and turned into a hospital by the Communists:
empty bottles and boxes which had contained medical supplies lay strewn about the building.

Upon our return to Grevena we encountered a vast multitude of
[657] ragged children straggling back towards the refugee camp, grasping
huge slabs of bread and honey: more than 4,000 children were being fed daily at the *estia* outside the high school. We found the Lord Theokletos a little concerned lest I should have fallen into the hands of the *katsapliades*—communications in the mountains out beyond Mavranaioi were notoriously unreliable. I waded through the mud
484 with my captain from Volos to call on the colonel of the local militia,
under whose protection I should be travelling for the rest of my itinerary. There was no news to be had anywhere save of the forthcoming elections.

At ten o'clock the following morning we were making slow progress westwards through melting snow: four militiamen, the president of the village of Elatos and myself; a large American mule floundering astern
727 with the baggage. Above the ruins of Doxaras we turned aside to view
the pile of stones which was all that remained of the church of St.
346 George. A few families had returned to this hamlet and were living in
nissen huts on the hillside below the ruined church. The whole village had been destroyed.

An hour later we found ourselves among the newly built cottages of Elatos. Above a cluster of wretched *kalyvai* rose the fabric of an unfinished church. The village, the president told us, had been burned down in July, 1942, and reduced to ruins. The work of rebuilding was begun

in 1945, but two years later the people fled to Grevena and all was left 727
unfinished. Some fifty families had returned in November, 1949, and 346
were now settled in their old houses. The church which was to replace
that destroyed by the Germans stood roofless: the windows unglazed,
the eikonostasis of rough-hewn timbers. There was a tiny chapel
dedicated to the prophet Elias on the brow of the hill, half a mile
beyond the village, where the holy mysteries had been celebrated for a
time. Now the church which was in Elatos assembled Sunday by
Sunday for the breaking of the bread in the half-finished structure which
dominated the village.

Whilst we were within the church there was a murmuring amongst 484
the crowd that had gathered in the snow outside: shouts of "Behold!
He comes. Make haste, O Papa Iannis!" The parish priest had just [793]
returned from Grevena, having followed a more direct route than
ourselves. He came scrambling up through the orchard below the
church, a ragged figure clad in *kalymmafchion* and tattered overcoat,
his boots heavy with mud, his cassock slung across his shoulder, clawing
his way up the slope with the aid of a shepherd's staff. We all retired
to the *taverna* for a glass of ouzo, and then, after despatching three of
the escort with the baggage-mule, the rest of my party (together with
two lads from the local militia and the indefatigable Papa Iannis, who,
despite his seventy-three years, had already covered the best part of ten
miles that morning), set out for the neighbouring village of Anavryta— 727
a deserted hamlet set on the brink of a deep chasm where the inky
thread of the Venetikos lay twisted in the pale sunlight. Far away
against the towering ramparts of Pindos the ruins of Ziakas could be
distinguished: a dark stain on the white vesture which enfolded the
silent countryside.

The more enterprising of the Anavrytans had found lodging in the
recently reoccupied village of Kallirachi (where we spent the following
night) and were planning to return to their houses in the spring. The
parish priest at Kallirachi had improvised a temporary oratory where
he said the daily offices. The church lay in ruins, and the liturgy was [346]
celebrated in a tiny chapel dedicated to St. Demetrius of Thessalonica,
a full kilometre from the village. I left my escort at Kallirachi and set [484]
out early with a couple of local guides for Megaron, the largest village
of the district and, like Kallirachi, reoccupied by its inhabitants some
two months earlier. Here I made but a brief stay, as I was anxious to
reach Kydonies (which lay well outside the inhabited zone) and get

● 727 back to a populated village before nightfall. The *kapetanios* of the local
484 militia undertook to have an escort ready by noon, and in the meantime
the parish priest carried me off to the refectory of the police station
(where we broke our fast) and thence to see the parish church: an ancient
structure roofed with corrugated iron, the walls bulging and sagging
ominously at several points.

By one o'clock I was riding westwards on a handsome white mule,
with an escort of local militia, armed to the teeth, in line ahead and
astern, and all the mountains of Macedonia spread out around the
727 horizon. Kydonies, where we arrived a little after three o'clock, was
utterly deserted. It had been a large village (some 175 families, according
to my escort), and the destruction was more restricted than in many
[346] villages of this region. The church, like that at Elatos, had apparently
been left uncompleted when the people fled: a temporary chapel which
occupied the position of the outer narthex was in a ruinous condition.
Several eikons lay half buried amongst the fallen masonry. The whole
building, like the ruined school-house adjoining it, was daubed with
democratic slogans.

727 The parish priest of Kydonies, Papa Athanasius Toskas, had been
793 murdered by the Germans who fell upon the village on July 7th, 1944.
Papa Athanasius, despite his sixty-seven years, had gathered up his
skirts and made for the forest as fast as his legs would carry him, in
company with the curate of the neighbouring village of Ekklesia, Papa
Nicolas Tsabiri. The latter succeeded in making good his escape, but
Papa Athanasius was surrounded and captured. His body was found
some days later, barbarously mutilated. His ears and hands had been
cut off, his beard set on fire, and his chest and back slashed with knives.
727 All about the village were little chapels: one which we passed, as we
[346] recrossed the stream at the foot of the hill and turned towards Rodia,
had been burned down.

I lay that night at the house of George Sabbas: the house where his
brother had been killed before his eyes three years earlier and whence he
had fled into the darkness to blunder about the wooded hills all night
before reaching Aghios Georgios and safety. The people of Rodia had
returned home only two months earlier. The youngest of my host's
three sons had married the daughter of the parish priest, and this
young woman now kept house for her father-in-law. After supper who
793 should appear but Father Athanasius, the *ephemerios*, who proved to be
an old friend from the Kozani seminary. He had come home for the

week-end. Conversation turned to the subject of the parish clergy; 793
Papa Athanasi was a whole-hearted admirer of the new system; he was not one who could learn only from the Lord or rest content with a mere facility in turning the pages of the service-books:

"The divine liturgy, *Kyrie Petre*, can be gabbled through by a man who is all but illiterate: we are called to be shepherds, and a shepherd has need of great knowledge and wisdom."

Next morning Father Athanasius celebrated the holy mysteries in 727
the village church. It was one of the Saturdays of all souls, and the [769]
priest's daughter was early astir, making preparations for the commemoration of departed relatives and friends. Before the service was ended I left for the neighbouring village of Sydendron, where the curate, Papa Constantinos, introduced himself as "the priest who bore the machine-gun in the sacred company of the despot". St. [346]
Nicolas, Sydendron, had been a fine church, apparently dating from the [669]
sixteenth century. It had survived the years of occupation only to be set on fire by the Communists on the night of July 25th, 1947. The ancient frescoes were slowly crumbling away, but sufficient remained to show something of the former splendour of the church.

I lunched at the presbytery and rode on to Amygdalies in the early afternoon. Most of the village's 200 children seemed to be dancing barefoot in the sun outside their newly opened school: a nissen hut [346]
erected on the site of the building destroyed by the Germans in July, 1943. A huge new church was in process of construction, but work was at a standstill through lack of funds, and the liturgy had to be celebrated in a brick chapel hastily constructed in 1946 within the walls of the unfinished church. Being anxious to reach Aghios Georgios before 722
nightfall I resisted the efforts of the parish priest to persuade me to stay the night at Amygdalies, and as twilight deepened into darkness came clattering down the steep slopes to the stream where a few children still lingered, on a mule which I would have pitted even against Urquhart's Aristotle, and dismounted outside the house of the president.

Aghios Georgios was one of the only two villages in the diocese of Grevena where the population had remained throughout the troubled years which followed the end of the occupation, and had, moreover, afforded shelter to many refugees from other communities. The [712]
church—a massive structure dating from the middle of the nineteenth [346]
century—stood on rising ground in the centre of the village. The [669]

following day I rode into Vatolakkos with an escort of six militiamen 574
and fell straight into the hands of the parish priest, who was sunning
himself on a bench outside the gendarmerie station. This *papas* was a
graduate of the Kozani seminary; his father had been a priest in [722]
Smyrna (like Kivotos, this was a refugee village). He spoke with pride [794]
of the catechetical school which had been flourishing in the village since
the previous autumn.

Vatolakkos, like Aghios Georgios, had never been abandoned by its 722
inhabitants. Owing to its important position—astride the main road 727
from Grevena to Kozani—it had been strongly garrisoned throughout the troubles, and had offered sanctuary to the fugitives from no less than ten neighbouring communities, despite the fact that the greater number of the houses had been destroyed in the German advance of 1941—there were bomb craters all along the road from Kivotos southward. The parish priest had sheltered five refugee families in his house for more than two years. The church, which had never been completed, had, according to the Bishop's report, been pillaged by the Germans.
It had moreover been damaged by mortar fire during an attack on the [669]
village by the Communists. A new school had just been opened to take the place of the one destroyed by the Germans.

From Vatolakkos I succeeded in telephoning to army headquarters 793
at Grevena, and shortly after three o'clock I was picked up by my friend from Iannina. After attending the evensong of the refugee clergy, in company with the Bishop's deacon, and a long talk with the fugitive *ephemerioi* of Spelaion and Kosmati, I paid a final visit to the metropolis. The Bishop was unwell: he had been ill for some time past, and I took my leave early. Some months later, after a letter enclosing photographs of the ruined churches of the diocese had remained long unanswered, I saw from a notice in *Ekklesia* that the Lord Theokletos had passed to his rest.

Like Father Ioakeim, his deacon, he was a native of the Piraeus and had laboured there for thirty-three years as vicar of the parish of St. Constantine before being called to take charge of the see of Grevena in the third year of the occupation. The state of the diocese even in those days was serious enough, and had the new *despotes* been able to foresee the full extent of the catastrophe which was to overwhelm the widely scattered communities committed to his charge within the space of another five years, he might understandably have shrunk from the heavy burden of responsibility that he was called to bear.

5:Hammond M-5 (1948-1950)1956
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during the course of 1947) to draw into the new Christian Unions many hundreds of boys and girls from the remote hamlets of Pindos, few of whom had ever heard a sermon preached in their village churches, let alone received any systematic course of instruction in the faith such as was now offered them. Whilst the whole diocese lay desolate and the Communist bands roamed the mountains almost at will, there was slowly growing up amongst the young Christians crowded together in the mud and squalor of Grevena a movement which promised to transform the religious life of this barren region. 793 794

In 1949 Father Augustine left Grevena to take up new work as chaplain to the 2nd Army Corps at Kozani, but the Christian Unions continued to flourish. Their membership at the time of my visit was in the region of 1,600—and this figure did not include the hundreds of children who had recently returned to their villages. In order that these latter should not be lost to the movement, several young catechists were visiting the lately repopulated villages around Grevena every week-end, giving addresses either during the liturgy or else in the village square when the people came out of church, and labouring to build up catechetical schools in every village. The Metropolitan had given immense stimulus to this work by sending as many parish clergy as he could spare to study at Kozani seminary—men like Papa Athanasius from Rodia—who would be qualified to run their own catechetical schools when they returned home.

Outstanding among the catechists trained by Father Augustine was a young gendarme who, now that there was no regular *hierokeryx* attached to the metropolis, was himself acting as the diocesan preacher and assistant to the Metropolitan. It would have been hard to match the burning devotion and zeal of these young catechists; the enthusiasm and eagerness of their still younger pupils. The Bishop himself had no illusions as to the importance of the work that had been begun three years before: in the face of devastation such as I had seen with my own eyes during the course of the ten days I had spent in the diocese—material destruction on a scale equal to that sustained by any Greek diocese—it was his considered opinion that the most desperate need was not for clothing or food or medical supplies, not for animals to replace those slaughtered by the Germans or driven off to the mountains by the Communists, not for domestic or agricultural implements and tools, but for a properly equipped building to serve as a centre for the Christian Unions, for Greek New Testaments and other Christian 793 794 727

794 literature, and for a magical *polygraphos* which would enable him to
[793] distribute every week a homily to be read by every *papas* in the diocese
[727] at the Sunday liturgy.

For the truly notable feature of his episcopate had been neither the destruction and pillage of the villages, nor the slaughter of his clergy and the flight of his people from their homes and lands; all this had but provided the setting for a flowering of new and vigorous spiritual life of untold power, which promised to spread, from the little band of catechists whom Father Augustine had gathered about him, to every village and hamlet of the diocese—to Spelaion, high amongst the towering rocks above the Venetikos, where the saints brooded over the dark church, to Samarina and the summer pastures of the Vlach shepherds, southward and westward to desolate Trikomon and the uninhabited wastes towards Metsovo—and to bring a deepened and more conscious sharing in the Christian mystery to a people who had, as it was, retained their hold upon the fundamental virtues of faith, hope and charity with a tenacity which is rare in the world to-day.

XII

THE BATTLE OF THE DEPTH

600

Η ΜΑΧΗ ΤΟΥ ΒΑΘΟΥΣ ΔΙΑ ΤΗΝ ΝΙΚΗΝ ΤΟΥ ΠΛΑΤΟΥΣ

MOTTO OF THE APOSTOLIC DIACONATE OF THESSALONICA

794

IT IS a good general rule in dealing with something that lies outside the experience of one's audience to attempt to describe it in terms of what is known and familiar. Father Michael Manousakes, Hierokeryx of the Sacred Metropolis of Drama, no doubt had some such maxim in mind when he introduced the present writer to an audience made up of members of his catechetical schools as "a *theologos* of the Oxford Movement: a movement which closely resembles out own Zoë Brotherhood". It must nevertheless be admitted that the compact, well-disciplined organisation into which the little brotherhood founded by Eusebius Matthopoulos in 1907 has since developed bears little apparent resemblance to the movement which was stirring in the Oriel S.C.R. during the eighteen-thirties.

The Brotherhood of Theologians, Zoë (to give the movement its proper title), now consists of some ninety men—all graduates, the great majority of the theological faculty of the University of Athens—about thirty of whom are in orders, the remainder laymen. The organisation of the brotherhood is monastic in character, though its members do not bind themselves by permanent vows and are at liberty to withdraw at any time. They must be unmarried—though a lay theologian who leaves the movement is free to marry—and property is held in common. The superior holds office for life (at the death of Father Eusebius in 1929 the Archimandrite Seraphim Papakostas was elected as his successor).

Seven priests and ten laymen were in the spring of 1950 resident in Athens, five other theologians in Salonica. At that time no less than twenty-seven members of the brotherhood (including seven priests) [701] were serving as 'preachers' with the army, and another was acting as [727]

794 [701] [727] chaplain to the camp in Leros where boys who had fallen beneath the influence of the Communists were being given the opportunity to rediscover the fundamental loyalties within the setting of a Christian community. The remaining members of the brotherhood were dispersed amongst the dioceses of Greece, preaching, confessing the people, training young catechists and preachers, supervising seminaries for the country clergy, directing catechetical schools and youth movements: in these and many other ways building up the body of Christ in each village, town and diocese; seeking, above all, to follow in the steps of their founder by living in the power of the Holy Spirit that Christ might indeed be formed in them.

Every summer all the members of the brotherhood assemble for a period of retreat at Aghia Paraskevi (on the outskirts of Athens), and each is called upon to give an account of his labours during the previous year.

There can be little question that the most potent factor in the religious revival which has transformed the outward face of the Greek Church within the last 100 years has, under God, been the hidden life and apostolic labours of Eusebius Matthopoulos, and of the brotherhood he founded. The latter is still far the most important of the many missionary and evangelistic movements that have sprung up during the last two generations. The number and complexity of these movements is at first quite bewildering, and the visitor to Greece will need to spend a little time in Zoë circles before he can hope to avoid confounding *Χ.Ε.Ν.* with *Χ.Ε.Ε.Ν.*, or to be able to distinguish with assurance between the spheres of activity appropriate to *Χ.Μ.Ο.*, *Χ.Ο.Ν.*, *Χ.Φ.Ε.*, *Χ.Ε.Ε.* and *Χ.Ε.Ε.Λ.* respectively.

There are, on the one hand, all the movements more or less closely connected with the Zoë Brotherhood: some under the immediate supervision of the central organisation, others enjoying a measure of independence. On the other, there are several entirely separate movements which sprang up within the circle of clergy and laity who gathered about Apostolos Makrakes; and, finally, there are several vigorous organisations which have grown up in provincial centres such as Patras and Salonica and are still flourishing at the present time. A detailed account of all these movements would afford material for a substantial volume, and I propose to attempt no more within the limits of a single chapter than the most cursory description of their scope and general characteristics.

upon Palaiochori. The people fled to the forest and watched helplessly 159
while the invaders set fire to their homes and slaughtered their animals. 793
When at length they withdrew the whole valley was shrouded in smoke:
the incendiaries had done their work only too thoroughly. The church 648
of St. Bessarion—the most prominent building in the village—had been 722
amongst the first to be set on fire. When Papa Costas and a few companions ventured down from the mountainside to make a cautious reconnaissance they found nothing save the blackened walls and a great pile of charred timbers. The school, just below the parish church, was likewise completely gutted, and more than forty of the village's seventy-odd houses were irreparably damaged. The parsonage, a somewhat more substantial edifice than most of its neighbours—a monument to the professional skill of its builder—had resisted the first attempts of the incendiaries, and before the flames had thoroughly obtained a hold Papa Costas and his sons had come scrambling down from amongst the trees, and the building—though badly damaged—was not utterly destroyed. Amongst the smoking ruins of another cottage was found the body of an old woman who had been unable to make good her escape. Every animal in the village had been slaughtered.

After this catastrophe the people of Palaiochori took refuge in Kalambaka—already crammed with refugees from a score of similarly stricken villages—and there, in the shadow of the great rocks, they
remained until 1945. In January and February of that year they went 159
back to the village that had become a wilderness. During the first
few months after their return home there was tremendous activity at 793
the sawmill and in Papa Costas' workshop. No sooner had a sufficient 727
number of cottages been rendered habitable than the parish priest turned his attention to the church. With the assistance of his elder son and a score of willing if unskilled helpers, the requisite timber was cut and shaped; and soon—though the church was without vestments and Papa Costas had with difficulty been able to procure copies of a few of the most indispensable liturgical books—there was at least a roof to the building and it was no longer necessary for the people to stand for long hours without protection against wind and snow whilst the holy mysteries were celebrated. Then the school was re-roofed, and as summer gave place to autumn the regular pattern of village life began to reassert itself—though Papa Costas no longer had twenty sheep and there were no more than three pack-animals available for the whole community.

But security was short-lived. The following year brought wandering [669]

159 bands of *andartai* and rumours of terrible deeds wrought in the darkness
793 of long winter nights. In August, 1946, the parish priest of Palaiochori received warning that the Communists planned to murder him as a
● 727 'traitor'. Papa Costas fled for the second time within less than three
669 years to Kalambaka. There, at the foot of the limestone cliffs crowned by the hermitages of the ascetics of Staghi, he built a little *kalyva*: a wooden cottage consisting of a single room and a large porch.

Before many months had passed, the whole village was back in the comparative security of Kalambaka, and the mountains were given over to the Accursed of God. Papa Costas and his family (all except Leonidas, who had gone off to the wars) settled down in their new house and the younger boy began to attend the overcrowded school. There were many other refugee clergy in the town: not from the diocese of Trikka and Staghi alone but also from many of the villages lying to the north and west of Kalambaka towards the *comopolis* of Grevena.

The second period of exile lasted until October, 1949. As a refugee
[465] priest, Papa Costas was entitled to a monthly stipend of 175,000 dr. (the equivalent of a little more than four pounds sterling) and the usual refugee rations of flour, sugar, etc.; but there was no ground to be tilled, no sheep or goats, no fees from baptisms or weddings to supplement the meagre wages of a 'fourth-class priest'. There was, however, some slight measure of security in Kalambaka, with its garrison and its communications, and Papa Costas' wife and daughter wove gaily coloured rugs, and adorned the little house with lace and tins of basil until any craftsman might have rejoiced in his handiwork.

*

The defeat of the Communists at Florina early in 1949 marked the turning point in the seemingly interminable struggle against an enemy who, when defeated, could always withdraw beyond the northern frontiers of Greece to lick his wounds and build up his strength for another assault. During the summer months the wild region that lies to the westwards of Kalambaka was laboriously combed by units of the Greek army, and in October Papa Costas led the first party of returning refugees back to Palaiochori. His daughter and his younger son remained behind, however, in order that the boy might complete his studies at the high school, and it was in Kalambaka in January, 1950, that we first encountered our country parson.

little church was a melancholy sight: the stone eikonostasis had survived 123
the fire but every trace of woodwork had perished. Our priest-carpenter 793
had just completed two new lecterns for the singers and an episcopal [346]
throne: there was plenty of work to be done as soon as Leonidas—who had been discharged from the army with wounds in both hands—was home again and fit to return to his trade.

We went on to the school where sixty-four ragged children were 123
huddled round a smoking stove. There had been no teacher in the 727
village between the first and second periods of exile; the schoolmaster, 872
we were told, had disappeared in 1946 and nothing had been heard of [793]
him since. Had he gone to the mountains, we asked? Nobody knew—he had disappeared. Kleoniki Zambra, the girl we had met the previous evening, had just been sent to reopen the village school. The windows of the building—roughly re-roofed by the priest and his sons—were blocked with stones and cardboard from packing cases which had contained powdered milk; light was an altogether secondary consideration when warmth was in question.

"Last Friday", the *didaskalissa* assured us, "it was so cold that the children cried aloud and we were obliged to give up." There seemed to be no books or slates or paper—there was indeed no equipment of any description save for the stove and a few wooden benches—but the school was again performing its liturgy, and the whole village was conscious that an important step had been taken along the road that led back from the anarchy and insecurity of a decade of war towards the halcyon days which none of the children who crowded the schoolhouse that January morning was capable of recalling.

Time and time again as I travelled about the ruined villages of Pindos during that terrible winter of 1949–50 it was brought home to me how essential an element the school constitutes in the pattern of Greek village life. Almost invariably the first thought of the returning refugees, once they had succeeded in improvising some temporary shelter from
wind and snow, was for the church and the school. They would rest [793]
content with the most wretched living quarters, provided only that the house of God were decently furnished and their children were receiving regular instruction; but a village without a priest and a schoolmaster was a village only in name.

Urquhart arrived in Metsovo astride the sagacious Aristotle, in the 727
summer of the year 1830, to find that mountain township in a state of 872
the utmost panic and alarm: the houses barricaded, the sheep, cattle

727 872 and horses dispersed and hidden among the rocks; the town occupied by the troops of "a Turkish Binbashi". And yet, amidst all this martial activity and excitement the good people of Metsovo were occupied with repairing one of their schools. "It is incredible", comments this traveller, "how ardent and universal among the Greeks is the desire of instruction . . . even in the wildest spots that man has chosen for a habitation or a refuge." The universal destruction of the village schools during the recent troubled years has done nothing to abate this passionate desire for instruction, which may still be reckoned one of the most striking and attractive features of the Greek character.

123 484 We did not linger long in Palaiochori. Mitsos was returning to Kalambaka for supplies with a train of pack-animals, and before the sun was fairly round to the south side of the parsonage (where the *psaltes* lay late abed, reflecting upon his astonishing deliverance from the perils to which travellers are subject) the horses were saddled and we were ready to depart.

[888] Some four miles down the valley, where the waters of the Aspropotamos divided, lay the cottage of Nicolas Kokoravas—the *geros*, as he was known in the villages round about. An ancient personage with a great reputation for wisdom, it was whispered that he spoke no less than seven languages. We had made the acquaintance of this venerable polyglot the previous evening, and had paused for a few moments outside his dwelling while one of his numerous grandchildren, a fair girl clad in Vlach costume with two children clinging to her voluminous skirts, had brought us apples as we sat astride our beasts, and Papa Costas had scribbled a hasty note addressed to the president of the village of Chrysomelia (an hour's journey to the eastward) to warn him of our impending visit and asking that an escort might be sent to meet us the following day at the cottage of the *geros*.

"Mitsos will leave you at the house of Papa Nicolas, where the waters divide", explained our priest-carpenter; "there you will await the animals from Chrysomelia."

"At what hour will they come?"

"At twelve, without doubt."

The schoolmistress borrowed Boris' camera and took our *eikon* as we perched upon our high wooden saddles. The children peered out at the door and through the chinks in the United Nations' packing cases. Mitsos led the way down the path between the high drifts of snow towards the bleached plane trees and the polished boulders of the

torrent bed, and we followed while Papa Costas and Spyridon Oiko- 123
nomides, the *epitropos*, stood beneath the great tree in the village square 484
and waved farewell:

"*Kalǫ taxeidi; o Theos maẓi sas!*"

A good journey; may God go with you.

At dusk we rode into Chrysomelia—a large village lying at 900 metres—after a journey which will long linger in my memory. For the best part of an hour Antony the Zealot (our guide) had questioned me relentlessly as to the constitutions and canons ecclesiastical concerning marriage with a deceased wife's sister within the jurisdiction of the *metropolites* of Canterbury, whilst the mules floundered in deep snow as we climbed laboriously towards the village, the buildings of an abandoned monastery far below among the pines. We had been delayed at the cottage of Papa Nicolas, the *geros*, till it was close on three o'clock. There had been a misunderstanding as to the rendezvous, arising, apparently, from the fact that the curate of the neighbouring hamlet of Aidona was also a Papa Costas.

It was the eve of the feast of St. Antony, and the Zealot was preparing 727.
to celebrate his name-day. In a tiny chapel on the outskirts of the
shattered village vespers was drawing to a close. The village church, 796
dating from 1580 and dedicated to St. George, was a total ruin. We
stayed for the liturgy next morning and all the men and boys of the 346
village accompanied us to church. After a distribution of the blessed
bread Papa Athanasius Tsergoulas, the pastor of this mountain flock,
took us to see his dwelling—a tiny cell of mud bricks set amidst the [342]
ruins of the house which he had built some thirty years earlier—and
there we sat around a table in the pale sunlight outside the newly-opened
tavern and sipped ouzo with the village elders, while crowds of wild,
ragged children played amongst the ruins of the church—there were
nearly 300 of them and it was eight years since the school had ceased
to perform its liturgy.

Chrysomelia had been one of the most important villages of this 727
region, with a population of 1,050. It had suffered at the hands of the
Germans at the same time as Palaiochori. The people had begun to 722
return in October. Scarcely a house in the whole village had escaped
destruction.

The devastation was no less widespread at the hamlet of Kato 727
Perlangion, where we slept the following night, wrapped in rugs on the
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727 floor of the village president's cottage with a great fire burning at our
346 feet. The parish priest had been awaiting us in the square, and after I
had photographed the ruins of the church he rang the great bell which
[123] hung from the branches of a plane tree and the whole community
gathered to sing the first vespers of the feast of St. Athanasius the Great,
[796] in a chapel which had been disused for generations and had only been
repaired since the return of the refugees the previous autumn. No more
than forty families had as yet found their way back to the village and
the destruction was very great. The next morning it was raining heavily
and the mud lay so deep in the tiny chapel that planks had to be laid
down to facilitate the movements of the celebrant.

727 Papa Georgios Papageorgiou was himself a native of Chrysomelia.
He had been ordained in the early days of the war after living for a
793 time in the monastery of St. Stephen on the windy heights above
[346] Kalambaka. His first parish had been wiped out of existence by the
Germans, and now the Lord Cherubim, Metropolitan of Trikka and
Staghi, had sent him to this ruined hamlet, deep in the folds of Pindos.
[342] He lived with his 'priestess' and their four children in a wretched
hovel roofed with corrugated iron a little way below the church and,
in the absence of a schoolmaster, was himself acting as a temporary
727 *didaskalos.*

346 We spent a night at the village of Vanakoulia on our way back to
[872] Kalambaka. When we arrived the whole population seemed to be
engaged in the task of setting up a school in the narthex of the church:
a severe structure only lately completed. Over the doorway was set a
[211] rough inscription in rustic Greek commemorating the destruction of
[457] the church by the Germans and its subsequent rebuilding by the
inhabitants—aided, as we later discovered, by generous gifts from
relatives in America.

DESTROYED BY GERMANS

1943

REBUILT

AT THE EXPENSE OF THE INHABITANTS

JUNE 1949

727
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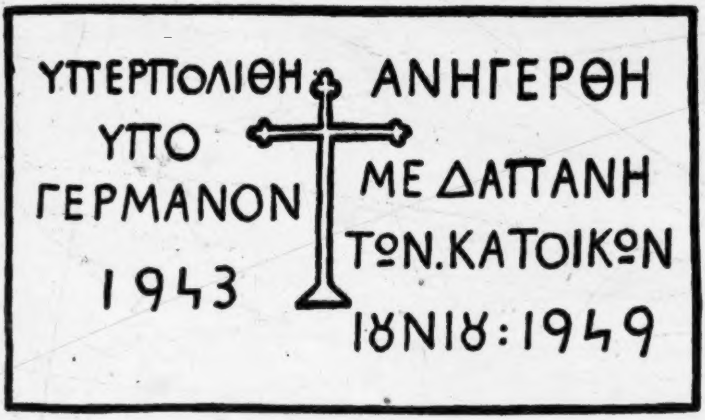
[211]



About eighty of the 200-odd houses in the village had been destroyed. The old school-house was a total ruin and would have, in due course, to be rebuilt from its very foundations. The church of St. Menas had been reopened, and the desks and benches which had arrived a few days earlier had been stacked in the narthex. There was tremendous excitement in the village at the prospect of the reopening of the school. [872] The schoolmaster, who was directing operations when we arrived, had 875 just been released from the army. He proved to be the son of the proprietor of the largest store in Kalambaka. Needless to say, the 123 unexpected advent of the *xenoi* caused all work to be abandoned for the afternoon, and half the village accompanied us to the church. The priest, a young man named Antony, was in a sanatorium near Athens. [793] For the time being his place had been taken by a refugee *papas* from the diocese of Grevena.

The evening brought torrents of rain. We slept at the house of one of the churchwardens and set out for Kalambaka the following morning. [484] The *epitropoi* insisted on accompanying us as far as the river, as they feared lest the Peneios, swollen by the heavy rains, should prove difficult to ford. Fortunately, their anxieties were excessive, and shortly after midday on the feast of St. Euthymius the Great we rode briskly into Kalambaka. My mule, smarting under a sense of outraged propriety at its Frankish rider's use of an umbrella (borrowed from the village president at Vanakoulia) as an instrument of coercion, eyed the

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> the service of the morning was concluded, he joined with enthusiasm in all their gaiety and rejoicings; he had his seat at their festive board and his place in the evening dance, nor did his hilarity and mirth render him less dear, or less venerated in the eyes of those who had yet to learn that cheerfulness was sin, and that ascetic melancholy alone was suited to the dignified sobriety of Christianity!

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Several years have passed since Papa Costas and Spyridon Oikonomides, the *epitropos*, stood in the village square and waved farewell; the isolated hamlets of northern Pindos have suffered prolonged and untold hardship, for the process of reconstruction and recovery is inevitably a slow one. Occasional letters reveal the continuing scarcity of the bare necessities of life and the unremitting struggle to restore a disrupted economy. At Palaiochori the ground is again under cultivation, Leonidas is back at his bench, and the church of St. Bessarion bears eloquent witness to the skill of the village carpenter and his elder son.

The passage of time has done little to efface the memory of that journey to the silent depths of Pindos: the chapel at Kato Perlangion, the whole community gathered for the evening office, the candles hissing and spluttering as the rain dripped from the roughly patched roof; Papa Athanasius, the parish priest of Chrysomelia with its golden fruit and shattered dwellings, beside the desecrated altar where for a quarter of a century he had pleaded the one perfect and sufficient sacrifice for the sins of the whole world, a silent multitude of men and boys bare-headed in the snow; Nicolas Kokoravas the many-tongued, like one of the patriarchs of the old dispensation, amongst his children and his children's children in their dilapidated dwelling in the midst of the rushing torrents and the frozen pools; the whitewashed cottage beneath the towering cliffs of Staghi, with its tins of sweet basil and its gay Vlach rugs, a lamp burning in a corner before the eikons of the Lord Christ and His saints; and Papa Costas—village carpenter and minister of the holy and ineffable mysteries—at the head of a winding column of pack animals, threading his way amidst the polished boulders.

793 the stripes of red and white which adorn an episcopal *mandyas* and are
292 called *pomata and potama*, may with great profit refer to the delightful
[113] engravings which illuminate that learned writer's discussion of these matters in his work on *The Rites and Ceremonies of the Greek Church in Russia.*

I will but refer briefly to the vestment known as the *phelonion*, which is of primary importance so far as the ordinary parish church is concerned. It is always worn by the celebrant at the liturgy and in its general appearance somewhat resembles the western cope, being of far more ample cut than the chasuble to which it in fact corresponds.

Dr. Covel (who has some diverting observations on this topic) connects it with the 'cloke' (*phailones*) which the Apostle asks Timothy to bring him from Troas (II Timothy, iv. 13), and with the ancient *penula* which was made in such fashion that "when the Head is put through the Top, all the rest hangs down round on all Sides, sloping like the Top of a round Tower or the Roof of a house . . . *Penula* was worn both by Men and Women in Winter upon their Journeys . . . purely to fence off Rain or cold Winter-like Weather. . . . *Tully* takes notice that it was a *peaceable* Garment (and so much more becoming *St. Paul* and a *Greek* Priest), for he was excuseth *Milo* from being guilty of Murder from having it on: *cum Penula irretitus, when he was wrapt up in his winter Peticoat, what could be less prepared or fit for fighting?* For a man cannot handle a Sword or any Weapon under it, either to assault another or to defend himself." The *phelonion*, he continues, is "something like a Woman's Petticoat, with only a hole at the top to put their Heads through, and the rest of it hangs down round about their thighs to their ankles. It is richly wrought with Gold and Silver; and the poorest Parish Priest hath such a one, though of a meaner making".

So much for the *phelonion*. Of the other vestures worn by the clergy at their various offices I will only observe that in former days every church would normally possess a complete set, while a large urban parish where several clergy might concelebrate on a Sunday or a festival would as a rule be suitably furnished with the appropriate vestments. [822] The Greek Church has no scheme of liturgical colours: if a church possesses more than one vestment, the best will be brought out on high days without any regard to colour. The *kalymmafchion* is worn in church, as well as forming part of the outdoor attire of the clergy.

● [727] To-day, alas, it can no longer be affirmed with any confidence of the *phelonion* that "the poorest Parish Priest hath such a one"—of however

mean a making—or that the other "Garments and Accoutrements" of 793
the clergy are "very Glorious and different". The widespread devastation 292
of the last few years has left many a village church denuded of its 727
liturgical vestments and other furnishings.

The dioceses of Thrace and eastern Macedonia suffered particularly [648]
heavily in this respect at the hands of the Bulgarian bishops and clergy who swarmed into these unhappy provinces in the wake of the German armies. Thus, in the diocese of Alexandroupolis, all the episcopal vestments used by the Metropolitan, the Lord Ioakeim, were stolen by the Bulgarian Metropolitan of Philippopolis; while the cathedral church of St. Nicolas, the church of the Dormition in the Isle of Samothrace, and many village churches, were looted by the Bulgarian clergy. Other dioceses in this part of New Greece suffered no less heavily: the cathedral churches at Siderokastro and Serres (to take two examples at random) being plundered of all their liturgical vestments, as well as the important monasteries of Eikosiphoinisses, in the diocese of Drama, and that of the Prodromos near Serres, to the pillage of which I have already referred.

During the winter of 1949–50, when many of the refugee clergy [669]
were returning to their villages after an interval of three years or more, to minister in churches which had been wholly destroyed, or looted and perhaps turned into stables or field-hospitals by the Communists, the Archbishop of Athens appealed to all those parishes of Greece which still possessed anything over and above their essential requirements in liturgical books, vessels, vestments, etc., to come to the aid of those who had been less fortunate than themselves.

The need was great indeed. To the ordinary Greek Christian who worships Sunday by Sunday in his parish church it is but fitting that those who minister in the house of God—which is in truth a heaven upon earth—should be adorned with raiment of a finer and costlier making than suffices for the mere performance of one's daily liturgy, and the absence of the usual accessories of liturgical worship inevitably induces a more acute sense of deprivation than would be felt in similar circumstances by Christians of other traditions.

> In this point [says Dr. Covel] they look askue even upon us English, 793
> for not being so Gaudy, Stately and Ceremonious in our Offices as 292
> themselves; though we are Episcopally Ordained, and have grave
> and different Garments for all sorts of our Clergy in their various 186

[Public Life in 1947]

669 sure that aid would come, or if it came that it would arrive soon
648 enough and in large enough quantity to turn the tide. Yet for-
433 eign aid was clearly needed if the Communist guerrillas were
to be stopped. Without it, the government could scarcely hope to maintain its army for long. More than that, the fabric of the civil economy could not stand by itself, especially when guerrilla raids and road mines made transport and communication unsafe.

727 Apart from the military and diplomatic aspects, there was
648 another and more fundamental sense in which the morale of
the government and of the conservative classes was damaged. The general ideas and presuppositions of the non-Communist politicians and their supporters were badly shaken by the course of events in the immediate postwar period. Their general assumption had been that once the Germans had withdrawn and a transition period of special emergency had been passed through, then the society and economy of Greece would return of themselves to something like stability and the prewar pattern. Yet now the Germans had departed, UNRRA had come and gone (save for a small rear guard), and still there was no stability and no security. Far less was there any prospect of prosperity.

The upheaval of the war years had in fact been too drastic
to permit any automatic return to normal. But the political lead-
[661] ers of the country, all of whom had grown up in a world where
government economic policy and administration were conceived in terms of doing favors for one's friends and withholding them from one's opponents, had no idea how to cope with the disturbed and unhappy society entrusted to their guidance. No idea, that is, except to ask for help from Britain or the United States.

[665] The politicians could scarcely be accused of not having done
their part to bring things back to normal. During the brief res-

6: McNeill H-5 (1947, 1956) 1957

EH1 Greece EH1

[Public Life in 1947]

pite between the time when British troops had suppressed the wartime guerrilla army in December 1944, and the resumption of the guerrilla war in the summer of 1946, the politicians resumed the prewar game of politics with an exemplary faithfulness to old customs and methods. Two of the principal figures of Greek politics, Sophocles Venizelos and Constantine Tsaldaris, carried family names that had been illustrious in the twenties and thirties, and owed their leadership more to their names than to any personal attributes. Quarrels between royalists and republicans, which dated back to the first world war, remained the principal line of demarcation between rival groups of politicians; and demands for territorial expansion at the expense of the defeated powers – primarily Bulgaria – remained a major stock-in-trade of political oratory, and the best antidote the political leaders could find for the discontent and unrest of the nation. This, after all, had been the dominant theme in the career of the great Eleftherios Venizelos, who had almost doubled Greek territory between 1912 and 1919, and even for a dizzy moment seemed to have the old Byzantine capital of Constantinople within his grasp. And how could any politician hope to improve on Venizelist models? 727 665 648

Fame and fortune had always been the stuff and substance of a political career; special favors to friends and supporters had always been the means by which power was sustained; parties had always been fragile coalitions of ambitious public men who combined for a longer or shorter time under the leadership of one of their number, only to scatter and re-form in some new constellation when the restless striving for place and position dictated a change. 665 661

To be sure, even before the war, extensive social legislation had been enacted, and the idea that the government was somehow responsible for maintaining the welfare of the population at large was not unknown. But such measures were conceived 727 661 433

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● 727 661 433 primarily as electoral maneuvers, aimed to win votes, rather than as aspects of any general social policy. A managed economy, or even a semi-managed economy, in which government decisions influenced the flow and volume of investment, regulated the supply of money, and adjusted the share of the national income to be enjoyed by different groups in the population was scarcely within the purview of the old-style politicians. Once again, this was not because the government had not intervened repeatedly and with telling effect in the economic life of the country. It had, but usually in the spirit of helping political or personal friends and thwarting foes.

Yet in spite of the faithful and unimaginative efforts of the political cosmos (the name Greeks give to the small number of men who play leading roles in political life) to return to a comfortable prewar pattern of behavior, the country ungratefully failed to follow suit. The times remained desperately out of joint, but knowing no way to set them right, the conservative politicians and their supporters were in a quandary. Their morale was destroyed by the lack of any clearly defined and firmly felt purpose and program, quite as much as by the diplomatic and material difficulties they confronted. Among the men of the right, apathy and hopelessness alternated with sporadic anti-Communist and extra-legal violence; but neither the one nor the other seemed to do anything but make the situation worse.

665 727 The Greek Communist party was not without its own internal difficulties, but by comparison with the old-style politicians the Communists had tremendous advantages. First and foremost, they commanded a disciplined, enthusiastic and energetic body of committed followers, men who could be counted upon to follow instructions and who were willing to undergo personal hardship in the service of their dream for the future. Beyond this, the Communists enjoyed the sympathy or admiration of a

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considerable proportion of the population, especially among 665
the workmen of the towns and the peasants of the hill villages. 727
No one can say how large this group was, but to estimate it at about 20 per cent of the nation's total population is a reasonable guess.

[726] Another important asset of the Communists was their wartime record as leaders of resistance against the Germans and Italians. They could plausibly paint themselves as true champions of Greek national freedom and of democracy, while accusing their opponents of betraying the interests of the nation first to the Axis and then to the British. To be both a patriot and a Communist sympathizer did not therefore seem incompatible.

Finally, and perhaps most important of all, the Communists did have a more or less definite program of action and knew what they wanted. They were able to explain the continued distress of the country as a natural result of the creeping crisis of capitalism. They had a ready cure at hand in the abolition of private ownership of the means of production, as a preliminary to planned industrial expansion, on the Russian model. To many Communist followers, no doubt, the program meant little more than an angry intention to take from the rich and give to the poor, i.e., to themselves, all the good things which had selfishly and unjustly been withheld from them. Others, more sophisticated, realized that there would inevitably be a long period of time when suffering and poverty still would prevail, but believed that in the long run the dream of abundance for all could be realized, if the government planned economic activity and compelled sufficient investment. And no matter what the degree of economic understanding among their followers, the Communists had the advantage of offering the distressed and confused a cause to which to dedicate themselves, an enemy against

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665 727 whom to fight, and a hope for the future. None of the old-line political parties or leaders could do any of these things nearly so effectively.

665 669 Only the inner circle of the Greek Communist party was directly affected by the very real fissure between what may be called "home grown" and "Russian" Communists. The rank and file of party members and sympathizers were perhaps scarcely aware of any such tensions, and accepted without any special notice the transfer of authority over the Greek Communist party from the hands of George Siantos, who had led it during the war years, to those of Nicholas Zachariades, who had spent the war in a German concentration camp. Yet this shift, accomplished in May 1945, represented the assertion of control by leaders trained and directed by Moscow, as against the more independent "home grown" leadership which Siantos had embodied.

In any case, this fissure was only of potential importance. If Russian policy should diverge seriously from lines acceptable to "home grown" Communists, then the factions in the Greek Communist party might be expected to come into the open. So long as no such divergence appeared – and in 1946 and 1947 it did not – the only consequence was to elevate some persons to positions of authority in the party and to blight the careers of others who had thrown in their lot with the defeated side.

665 669 648 727 Hence, in 1946 and 1947 the advantages enjoyed by the Greek Communist party in competition with its rivals were actual, its weaknesses only potential. This was true not only within the country, but internationally as well. The Communist countries to the north began actively assisting the Greek Communist bands, sending arms and ammunition, allowing hard-pressed units to find refuge across the border, and providing hospital and other services to them as far as geographical difficulties permitted. On the other hand, British military and economic

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support for the Greek government was about to be withdrawn, 665
and it was not yet clear that American support would be forth- 669
coming to replace the British. Under the circumstances it is not 648
strange that the Communists went from strength to strength, 727
while their opponents were filled with foreboding for the future.

To be sure, the Communists faced one great obstacle. Their 669
opponents were still in full control of the administrative machine 647
of government. The pattern so successfully followed in eastern
European countries which fell within the Russian sphere of in-
fluence, whereby Communists first acquired a toehold in the
administration and then used their position to push all rivals
out, could scarcely be employed in Greece. The police, army
and civil bureaucracy were all firmly in anti-Communist hands.
British armed intervention in 1944 had been necessary to secure [648]
this state of affairs, but it was confirmed by elections held in [666]
1946; and the new aggressiveness of international Communist
policies did not permit patient waiting until some future elec-
tion might lead to a coalition including Communist ministers.

Yet the effectiveness of these instruments of power was sadly
blunted in Greece. In the countryside the police were too few
to resist concerted attack by guerrilla bands. The army was
numerous enough, but the morale of the soldiers made offensive
actions against the guerrillas difficult and largely ineffective.
The civil bureaucracy was distinguished by its clumsiness and 647
occasional corruption. Efforts to prevent corruption led to ex- 661
cessive centralization, so that even simple decisions had con-
stantly to be referred to Athens, and not infrequently to a cabi-
net member, before action could be taken. The nomarchs, [634]
the principal local officials in the provinces, characteristically
spent more time in Athens, haunting the central offices of the
government in hope of getting needed decisions, money or sup-
plies, than they did in the districts assigned to them. Inciden-
tally, of course, they could thereby consolidate personal rela-

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647 tions with higher authority, promote their own careers, and
661 enjoy the amenities of Athenian existence. But in the meantime much that should have been done remained undone.

Senior officials and ministers were harrassed by incredible numbers of papers requiring their signature or countersignature; they were harrassed even more by the crowds of petitioners who stood outside every door and not infrequently pushed their way inside to watch for a chance to seize the great man's attention. Subordinates, on the other hand, seldom would or could take any initiative themselves, but referred everything to higher authority, where the papers added to the jam at the top.

185 Perhaps the greatest weakness of the whole system was that
●727 officialdom shared the intellectual and technical deficiencies of
647 the politicians. In the general confusion and pressure of daily
433 business, no one had time or opportunity to try to think in long terms, measure the economic and other needs of the country, and attempt to establish some sort of priority among them, so that a beginning, however modest, could be made toward repairing some of the disbalances and defects of Greek society. Perhaps the magnitude of the problems and the sheer inadequacy of Greek resources to cope with most of them made such calculations impracticable. But it was also true that the officials of the Greek government were not accustomed to thinking in such terms, and tended to assume that problems of this nature should be left to solve themselves by the spontaneous action of private citizens, within the framework of traditional patterns of living. In proportion as the physical and psychological basis of such a traditional framework had been destroyed by the war, this assumption was no longer valid; but few, indeed, in the turmoil of the civil administration realized this fact, and fewer were ready, intellectually or morally, to try to move into the gaps thus created in the social structure, and attempt to put the scattered fragments back into some sort of working order.

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Under the circumstances, then, nothing like an efficient ad- 647
ministration confronted the Communist challenge. Private citi- 727 ●
zens, who were unable to get satisfaction from officials, even 433
when they knew their claims were right and just, were not encouraged to feel any special loyalty to the regime; and a government which was able to do so little to remedy the general disorganization of economic and social life gave color to the Communists' claim that they and they alone could solve the country's problems.

There were, nevertheless, some persons who were attempting 185
to devise plans for the economic and social stabilization of the 727
country. Some held government positions, some were unem- 433
ployed or semi-employed engineers and the like. Perhaps the 648
most influential circle was that associated with the UNRRA Mission to Greece, which, in addition to delivering relief supplies to the country, had attempted to rehabilitate the nation as well. The time and the funds allocated to UNRRA proved grossly inadequate to rehabilitate Greece, but studies and plans made by UNRRA, to discover what could and should be done to put the country back on its feet, had at least the virtue of turning some men's minds to the long-term problem. Some of these plans, and some of the personnel that helped draw them up, later played a part in the United States aid program.

Apart from this historical connection, one can say that even 185
in the darkest days of 1947, when Communist victory seemed 727
far from improbable, there did exist on the fringes of Greek 433
official life a small number of persons who had begun to think 669
in terms that might effectively meet the Communist challenge. Planners and statisticians, engineers and economists – men who conceived the task of the government to include efforts to shape economic and social development in such a fashion as to relieve the poverty of the nation – did exist. They were, however, far removed from the real centers of power and authority in the

6: McNeill H-5 (1947, 1956) 1957

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government. Unassisted, they would certainly not have been able to do anything effective to overcome the Communist menace. 185 727● 433 669

To sum up: The nature of Greek society and the shortcomings of the Greek government, together with the constellation of international relations in 1946 and 1947, made Communist revolution possible, indeed probable. But the injection of a massive new force, United States aid, changed the direction of events and prevented that consummation. The activity of the American aid missions will therefore be the subject of the next chapter. [648]

[PP. 33-84 not Processed]

rillas. A total of 225 children, between the ages of two and 669
twelve, had been taken north in the early stages of the war, and 728
only three had returned. A few letters had come from some of 621
them, originating in places as remote as Turkestan, Poland and 161
Czechoslovakia; but most had not been heard from, and no one
in the village knew whether they were alive or dead.

The evacuation of the village children may well have been conceived by the guerrilla authorities as a humanitarian measure. Considering the state of the village as I saw it in 1947, such an interpretation seems quite plausible. This was not the way the bereft parents viewed the matter, however. They gave no very coherent explanation of why the children were taken, but the abduction was remembered in 1956 as the greatest crime
the guerrillas committed. Not a few parents have been left [842]
childless, and this, by traditional village standards, is a bitter
disaster. Who will look after them in their old age?

Still another factor in the drastic depopulation of Kotta has 621
been emigration. As soon as communications with the outside 161
world became possible again, relatives rallied round in Toronto 167
and Sydney, and helped a total of fifty-six persons to emigrate. 457
The process is still going on. When I visited the village in 1956,
a young man and his mother were on the verge of departure for
Australia, where they would join cousins who were financing
the voyage.

Yet in spite of the sorrows which have visited every family in 727
the village, and in spite of the terrible suffering all have been
through, the spirit of the village in 1956 seemed amazingly re- 621
laxed and calm – almost happy. The survivors gave the impres- 511
sion of being profoundly surprised to find themselves still alive.
But what is more important, everyone now has enough to eat. [457]
The village land can feed the population; there is now no need
to look for work outside; and remittances from abroad permit
some families to indulge in small luxuries – kerosene lamps, for
example.

Kotta

[Hill Villages]

727 example. I even saw two fine Swiss watches on the wrists of
621 young men dressed in homespun.

[571] In the immediate postwar period, Kotta benefited somewhat
[657] from government help. The villagers were given glass to repair
the windows of their houses, and some lumber for doors and
window frames, so that their houses are in better repair today
[491] than in 1947. In 1954 a stout stone bridge was built across the
stream with government funds, and the villagers made a rude
road to connect Kotta with the outside world. Vehicles can
therefore come into the village, though few come, since the villagers
have little need of anything from beyond their own small
valley.

[241] Their agriculture is much the same as before, with corn almost
[233] the sole crop. The village flock of sheep is slowly growing
back to prewar proportions, thanks in part to the government's
having given each family four sheep as a start. The
[492] village also has a few cattle – another government gift – which
not only yield milk but are harnessed to the plows as well. All
this represents a return to familiar patterns.

x 178 The only agricultural innovation that has so far come to Kotta
241 is the experimental sowing of alfalfa on one of the good acres
233 of bottom land. This measure was recommended to the village
by a government extension agent in the hope of remedying one
[242] of the crying weaknesses of its traditional economy – the lack
of winter fodder for animals. Leaves cut from trees and dried
cornstalks have been normal winter fare for cattle and sheep;
and since the village stands more than two thousand feet above
sea level, the winter is both long and severe. As a result the animals
emerge thin and weak from the winter months. Yet the
villagers are not altogether convinced that the new crop is
worth while. Alfalfa was planted for the first time in 1955, and
while it did help to feed the cattle, the new crop occupied one
of the best pieces of bottom land the village possesses, where

Kotta

[Hill Villages]

621
× 178 villagers know that they are now much better off than the peo-
[197] ple in Yugoslav Macedonia, with whom they so recently felt a
degree of kinship.

[619] Since 1954 no representative of the Greek government has
[631] lived in the village. An army detachment, which had been there
from 1949, departed in 1954, leaving patriotic slogans on the
walls of the buildings used as barracks. No gendarmes came to
replace the soldiers. Hence the village has been left very largely
[651] to its own devices. The inhabitants like it that way. As is true
of all villages in Greece, the government no longer tries to col-
lect direct taxes from Kotta (as it did before the war), but
contents itself with a 2 per cent sales tax on products sold in
town markets. This, for Kotta, amounts to paying almost no
taxes at all, for the inhabitants sell almost nothing. This, too,
pleases the villagers.

Kotta, therefore, is a community in which thoroughly old-
● [727] fashioned attitudes prevail. In spite of the harrowing guerrilla
war – or rather because of it – life has resumed its old, familiar
channels; and since everyone now has enough to eat without
having to venture into the outside world, the villagers seem well
content to settle down within their nearly self-sufficient valley
and let the world go by.

621 The real question for the future is whether or not the village
161 will proceed once again to breed children on the reckless scale
× 178 that prevailed before. The age structure of the surviving popu-
[728] lation is altogether anomalous, the removal of all children be-
tween the ages of two and fourteen in 1948 having left a great
gap. Moreover, military losses and emigration overseas mainly
affected young men and women of the next older age groups.
The potentially childbearing population has therefore been
drastically depleted, so much so that out of a total of seventy-
[885] seven families in 1956, the village contained only four or five
couples of childbearing age. (One must bear in mind that in a

the village joined the resistance during the occupation period; 726 but my guess is that practically every able-bodied man took 669 part at some time or other in guerrilla actions, even though some of the villagers remained ostensibly civilian. A consequence was that in 1943 a German expedition burnt all the [727] houses of the upper village and made it uninhabitable. The people of Cherasia, fortunately, saw them coming and had time to escape over the mountain.

The "liberation" of Greece in 1944 brought no liberation to 669 Cherasia. Quite the contrary, it interfered with the process by which armed men from the village had been able during the [579] occupation to get grain and other goods from the plains. Consequently, when three men appeared on Mount Pelion in 1946 and summoned the young men of the village to take arms again, the response was immediate. When I visited the village in 1947, a guerrilla band, some thirty strong, was encamped in the ruins of the upper village. A detachment descended each evening to gather supplies from the inhabitants of the lower village and from other villages out in the plain. Most of the members of the band were sons of families living in lower Cherasia, although the leaders of the band came from elsewhere.

During the day, the Greek army, from a strong point in a neighboring plains village, took possession of Cherasia. Each morning a patrol of soldiers came to the village and demanded to know who had been collaborating with the guerrillas; each evening the guerrillas came down from the mountain and demanded to know who had been helping the soldiers. Under the circumstances, life was difficult, to say the least. The army sometimes beat those suspected of sympathizing with the guerrillas. In addition, irregular rightist bands visited the community several times [727] and indulged in greater violence, killing several people and burning down seven houses. The guerrillas,

6: McNeill H-5 (1947, 1956) 1957

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Cherasia

[Hill Villages]

669 722 [727] The guerrillas, too, burned some houses, including those belonging to the three "rich" families of the community. These had fled to Volos, together with some other families from the village. The people who remained were inclined to support the guerrillas.

About two weeks after my visit in 1947, the army evacuated all the remaining inhabitants of Cherasia to Volos. There they remained in refugee quarters for two and a half years. The last guerrilla band disappeared from Mount Pelion only in 1950, some six months after the main guerrilla army in the north had retreated across the Albanian frontier. It was therefore late in 1950 before the inhabitants of Cherasia were allowed – or compelled – to return to their village.

727 653 [657] [232] Government authorities were, however, well aware of the difficulties that confronted the community. The returned refugees were given every help to re-establish themselves. They received, gratis, 238 sheep to serve as a nucleus for their flock, as well as materials for the reconstruction of their houses, most of which had suffered damage. Officials issued seed and implements as well. A comprehensive work relief program was set up; for about two years after their return, the men of Cherasia received wages for working on projects that directly benefited their community. In this fashion the new road over the mountain was built – shortening the way to Volos by nearly half. [346] [312] Similarly, new and very handsome school and church buildings were constructed; and pipes from the spring in the upper village brought fresh water into lower Cherasia for the first time. This was vital if the population was to remain in the lower village the year around, since water had previously been unavailable there in summer. Another side of the government policy was to give no help toward reconstruction of the village of upper Cherasia – perched, as it was, high on the mountain beyond the reach of roads. No doubt the authorities in this fashion hoped to tie the villagers to the accessible lower village, and

Cherasia

[Hill Villages]

thus prevent, or at least make more difficult, any future guer- 727
rilla action based upon the upper village. 653

The result of these expenditures is clearly visible today. The village looks handsomer than ever before; the sound of flowing water resounds refreshingly beside the neatly paved square in the center of the village, and the bright new tile roofs of the village shine in the sun. Only the houses of Nea Eleftherohori rival the impressive outward appearance of Cherasia, and the public structures of Nea Eleftherohori are far inferior to the new ones of the Thessalian village.

Nor have governmental efforts ended there. An agricultural 242
extension agent visits Cherasia once or twice a month – a far
more frequent visitation than I found in any other village. He 654
attempted to establish viticulture and fruit trees in the village; 241
but the vines perished, and the fruit trees are still spindly sap-
lings, not yet bearing anything. Finally, additional water works 653
are in process of construction, on the strength of a loan from the 241
Ministry of Interior, issued free of interest and repayable in in-
stallments, starting only after five years. When this is finished, 652
there will be enough water to irrigate 50 stremmata (12½ acres) of bottom land, and thus open up a new range of agricultural possibilities for the village.

Certainly, no one can say that either money or skill has been 178x
stinted in trying to make the life of Cherasia tolerable for its 829
inhabitants. Yet it was perfectly apparent in 1956 that the effort
had been totally inadequate. The people of the village were 669
sullen and suspicious, and felt no gratitude toward the govern- 241
ment authorities who had done so much for them. The spirit of 433
the village seemed almost the same as in 1947, with the difference that now the rightists were again on top, and the majority saw little hope for gaining even the nighttime control their party had enjoyed in 1947. In talking with one or two of the villagers I gained the impression that they perversely hoped the

Cherasia

[Hill Villages]

badly needs reforestation, and that in the long run everyone, including 178^{x}
the people of Cherasia, will benefit from re-establishment 829
of real forests on Mount Pelion, carry any weight among 669
the woodcutters who feel that their rights have been ruthlessly 433
disregarded, and their traditional way of life endangered. They 313
do not care to be farmers, and for all their ragged poverty, despise 656
such slavish souls as are content to labor long and hard on
the land.

[241]

A deep and painful irony lies in the fact that without the
bureaucratic paternalism of the government most of the people 669
of Cherasia would, in all probability, have died during the guerrilla 722
war. What happened in Kotta, where the arm of the government 657
did not reach, might well have happened also in 178^{x}
Cherasia, if the inhabitants of the village had not been evacuated to Volos in 1947 and fed there – however miserably – for two and a half years by government relief. And if the population of the village had shrunk to one third of what it actually was in 1956, then it does not seem improbable that much of the present bitterness would have dissolved, because then something like the free traditional way of life would have been possible again. Governmental intervention between 1947 and 1950 prevented the operation of the brutal old-fashioned remedy for overpopulation; but governmental intervention since 1950 has not yet sufficed (and seems unlikely to suffice in the future) to provide a tolerable life for the population that has so successfully been preserved from famine, disease and violent death.

The official records of Cherasia were in considerable confusion 217
in 1956, and I was not able to secure satisfactory figures on 166
the present and past population of the village. The main reason 727
for this state of affairs is that many families are registered as inhabitants of Cherasia, but do not reside there. When the villagers were sent back to their homes, everyone was supposed to go, and officially everyone did. Actually, about twenty-five

Cherasia

[Hill Villages]

217 families managed to escape official pressures and stayed in
166 Volos, I was told, even though the records showed them back
[727] in the village. Similarly, a trickle of migration from the village
into Volos since 1950 has gone unrecorded. With every sort of
bureaucratic obstacle put in the way of legal transfer of residence from Cherasia to Volos, most of those who depart from
the village simply neglect red tape and leave their names registered in Cherasia. They do so not by choice, since people offi-
[745] cially registered as living in a village like Cherasia cannot claim
unemployment benefits in Volos, and if they find no work, must
either starve, rely upon relatives, or return to their village until
better times offer a new start in town. This, of course, is the main
reason why transfer of residence is made so difficult; the government could not afford to pay unemployment benefits to all the
hungry men from the hills who might swarm into town if they
could secure such payments.

162 Nevertheless, the villagers all agreed that more people were
621 living in Cherasia in 1956 than had lived there before the war.
A mean between conflicting estimates of the population came
[433] out close to 500 for 1956, and about 430 for 1940. The villagers
reckon that their own local production supplies food for only
[432] two months in the year. The rest has to be bought with money
earned by selling wood and charcoal, together with an occasional lamb from their flock.

621 Records of births and deaths were also in confusion, partly
217 because children born in Volos to parents registered in Cherasia
162 are supposed to be, but are not always in fact, entered in the
[743] village records. Partly, too, confusion arises from the custom of
[844] sending pregnant women to the Volos hospitals to give birth –
a new departure in village custom, resulting from the wartime
experience of living in the town, and facilitated by the existence
of the new road. These children, too, sometimes escape the village registers, or are entered late. For what the figures may be

6: McNeill H-5 (1947, 1956) 1957

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Cherasia

[Hill Villages]

621 Ten men in the village had come back after serving with the
669 guerrillas, and were kept under informal surveillance. Some
forty others had not returned, and most of these were presumed
727 dead. Thirteen who had retreated behind the iron curtain in 1949 had, however, sent letters to their relatives. The village president, who provided these statistics, was obviously well informed on these matters and clearly believed that a major part of his duties was to keep a close watch upon leftists or suspected leftists.

166 Here, then, is a village scarcely better off than it was in 1947.
621 In spite of the expenditure of tens of thousands of dollars, derived indirectly from American aid – indeed, *because* of such
433 expenditure – the acute and untenable overcrowding of very
[669] poor land continues; and with it the political tensions of 1946–49 seethe, just beneath the surface. The only solution for Cherasia which seems to make any sense is to remove two thirds or more of the present population, and find land or work for them elsewhere. This has not been attempted; official policy has done just the opposite by placing barriers in the way of migration from the community.

Unfortunately, Volos, the natural outlet for the surplus population
[464] of Cherasia, was itself undergoing a first-class economic crisis in 1956.[4] The port, which is the economic heart of the

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[731] [4] An earthquake which damaged many buildings in Volos rather badly in 1954 was, under the circumstances, a perverse blessing to many of the
[653] poorer families of the town. Repair and reconstruction got under way quickly, thanks to a special grant from the national budget (and assisted by a special American aid appropriation of $7 million for the purpose). This gave temporary work to many, but by 1956 this extraordinary source
[288] of employment had dwindled. At the same time, a large textile plant in the city went on part time, and discharged a large proportion of its working force, as a result of a general crisis in the Greek textile trade. Consequently, Volos was, like Cherasia, unusually clean and tidy in 1956, and unusually depressed.

/40 cont./

Vacation and Travel. There is no accepted idea of vacation. 528
Vacation is only for the school children but during the end of harvest [543]
season when the farmer /41/ has money he takes his family
to the city or to the international fair of Salonica. The men at
such leisure times spend their weekends with their friends and relatives
in remote villages. The cost of travel makes it hard for most, 484
but their beast of burden, the donkey, serves as a means for this
purpose. There is no one in the village who has not traveled in the
two continents of Europe and Asia. Some of them have been to [727]
Germany, Hungary, Austria, Russia, and Turkey as prisoners in
the First War. Some others due to deportation from one country
to another, had an unbearable type of travelling. The Government [496]
railroads during holidays and early in the fall reduce the cost of [655]
train tickets by 50% and thus make it easier for many to travel.

One of the average farmers, with a family of four, spent for [511]
the year Drs. 1211 ($7.50) for travel. This sum covers 800 kilometers.
The above shows the extensive travelling the men do
mostly for business. It is during this travelling period that the [178]
farmer brings in and takes out from his village new seeds, new improved
methods of cultivation and new customs and forms of community
interests.

Protection of Health and Care of the Aged. If there is anything 744
which is neglected in Megali Vrisi it is the /42/ health of 743
the people. In spite of the medical center and the Near East
Foundation Children's Nursery Center, where a health project was
started, the extent of malaria, tuberculosis, pneumonia and intestinal
diseases was just as great as before these agents came in.
In fact in one of my surveys with which I tried to find out the death [165]
rate of young children from 3 months to 4 years old, four years
before the Near East Foundation established itself and five years
after its work, the figures of death rate to my surprise were amazingly
larger than before, in spite of the Near East Foundation's efforts.
After my eight years of experience with the farmers I was convinced 744
of the inadequacy of the existing health program which was

/70 cont./
Making use of their prosperous crop years, farmers have enlarged 362
the houses and added more rooms and thus improved their houses. [513]
The usual type is a three room house, storeroom, kitchen and
bedroom. The habit of the whole family sleeping in the same
room still prevails. Most families have screened their houses [825]
against mosquitos and flies, but the floors still remain the same [751]
mud built.

PART VI Education

Various aspects of informal education. The people of Megali 871
Vrisi are hungry for education and value its importance in their
lives. When they arrived at their half-ruined village, before [727] ●
taking care of their own shelter, they built the school by sacrificing
the lumber of their houses.

/71/ Church and school are the two outstanding institutions
which influence more than anything else the lives of these people.
More than 97 per cent of the Caucasians know how to read and 212
write, and six among them have even completed their high school 871
work. The Thracians on the other side are illiterate. Only 4 per
cent of the older people know how to read and write, but the
younger generation that has the chance to attend the school, know
how to read and write.

The local grammar school includes six grades with one 875
teacher. He divides his students into two groups, and half of them [872]
come in the morning and the other half in the afternoon. The
teaching schedule is prepared by the Ministry of Education and [871]
the teacher is closely inspected by the regional inspector as to
his ability to follow it. This heavy program hinders the teacher
from taking active part in the village social life.

Teacher's position in the village. A teacher and a priest [554]
are highly honored and their presence in coffee houses is not de- [793]
sired. Besides the training he gives to the children at the school
the teacher follows his students in their homes too. If a mother [275]

9:Megas I,B-5,4 (no date) 1951 EH1 Greece EH1

PREFACE

At the present stage of the reconstruction of our country the building of houses is of colossal importance. 362 369

At no other time, since the reconstruction of liberated Greece began, after the 1821 Revolution, was there such a great opportunity for building activity in the Greek mainland as at present. 727

The 430.000 destroyed houses in our country, most of which are to be found in the countryside, form 24% of our total number of houses, and the great majority of these have been either totally destroyed or damaged beyond repair.

At the present moment, the attention of all our authorities is focussed on the best solution of the housing in the Greek countryside.

The question is of paramount importance and is much more difficult than that of reconstructing the urban centres where a different way of life allows the application of solutions usually common to all towns, and even to all countries.

But the problem is quite different in the countryside where the «land» factor and the «human» factor, free from the intense influence of civilization, have a direct bearing on the way of life, the methods of living and consequently the types of dwelling. It is for this reason that a great importance should be attached to all the forms of dwellings originating in Greek tradition. In this way we will be able to understand how similar problems have been faced previously by the same people and in the same surroundings.

The present survey by Prof. G. A. Megas, who is already known from his previous works on Thracian, Lemnian and Thessalian Houses, is the first attempt at a synthetic presentation of the whole problem of the Greek Popular House. 114 342*

The problem is not an easy one.

The Greek house has developed through the centuries, under the influence of many civilizations on those physical factors which usually determine its form. The author achieves a global presentation of the problem in conjunction with the similar problems in the countries

[P. 6 is blank]

in order to help him in his activities; thus he creates deviations 121 from the traditional type, variations from the original form. The 342* scholar may see the solutions which the man of the people finds for the various problems connected with house construction, with storage of cattle foodstuffs, shelter of cattle and arrangement of space. He may see his very spiritual and productive forces in action and in full application. For, the methods and means which the popular builder uses in solving these problems, reflect the thought, the practical mind, the creative force, the sence of beauty of the man of the people. This is why it is difficult for me to understand how it is possible that a study of art and material life of the people can be separated from the whole folklore research, as if it was a separate subject; because the things as such are of great interest for folklore study as constituting elements of popular civilization studied by it, and on the other hand, because the man of the people, whose spiritual and creative forces are investigated by Folklore, is acting behind these things.

Researches on the popular house are naturally of great importance both for ethnology and for the general history of civilization, but the same holds true for all the subjects of folklore research, especially for those transmitted from people to people.

It is evident that each effort to proceed to a general synthesis of the forms of the Greek house and of its relation to the houses of the other peoples of the Balkans and of Asia Minor assumes the collection of various and abundant comparative material, pertaining to the arrangement of the plan as well as to the methods of construction. I think however that such an attempt, at least as far as the Greek side is concerned, is not premature to-day.

The war and the occupation, and later the communist rebellion, 121 supported from abroad, apart from the other calamities, had as a result the destruction of a great number of houses. The private houses, public 362 buildings, schools, churches and communal buildings destroyed amount 727 to 430.000. The destruction is so big that in future we shall know the 653 architectural forms of some areas only by surveys made in those areas.

The urgent need to reconstruct the ruins and to rehabilitate the agricultural economy of the country, made necessary, even during the occupation, the reorganization of the Survey Office of the Town Planning Service, and the creation, immediately after the liberation, of the Ministry of Reconstruction, whose program of works includes the knowledge of the locally prevailing types and forms of popular

121 architecture, which would serve as a basis for the reconstruction of
362 the villages. As a consequence, the rate of the surveys has quickened
during the last years and, under the illuminating guidance of the Gener-
● 727 al Director of this Ministry, the architect Mr. C. A. Doxiadis, most
653 of the area of Greece was systematically surveyed, and the conclu-
sions drawn from them are ready for publication. These conclusions
[127] were kindly put at my disposal and, together with surveys previously
carried out by myself and other researchers the amount of data thus
compiled may be considered as adequate to enable me to proceed to
the more general study, outlined above.

184 It must be noted that almost everywhere in the Greek country-
*342 side besides the modern and more composite forms of houses, we
can still see the simpler and older forms of the popular house which
511 are adapted to the economy of the poorest class of peasants. Either
[583] because the house is an element essential for the dowry of the
daughter, or because it is a custom that the bridegroom should build
[591] his own house, the father of the bride or the bridegroom are
obliged to build even an elementary dwelling, a «hut», a «bungalow» or a house of one of the simplest forms prevailing in the area. And, as later the needs of life increase and the standards improve, together with the conceptions of the elementary conditions of a comfortable and healthy life, the house is extended or completed, or a new house is built, according to the more composite forms of housing prevailing in the district. Thus, in many parts of Greece, we can follow step by step the evolution of popular architecture, noting the intermediate points which it followed on its evolutionary process.

114 I have tried, as far as possible, to render this evolution graphically on summary plates, appended at the end of this book. One can find each of these forms in the explanations given at them. (¹).

After examining the modern Greek house and comparing it with the houses of ancient Greece, we shall proceed to the study of the houses of neighbouring countries in order to show their relation to the Greek house.

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1) For a complete understanding of the text, sometimes even these plates are not sufficient. There is need to refer to complete drawings and figures of my previous publications mentioned herein.—I am greatly indebted to the service of the Ministry of Reconstruction and especially to architect Mr. Eleutherios Skepers, who has compiled my drawings. I also express my thanks to Mr. Zenon Papadopoulos who did the translation of this book; and to Mr. H. Lidderdale who was kind enough as to go through the English text.

introduced under the direction of the Rockefeller Foundation. In 178
the thirties, the dictator Metaxas introduced a number of changes by 177
fiat, which ran counter to Greek values, but many of which were
accepted gratefully by people wearied of political dissension and lack
of leadership. World War II, with its displacements and destruction [727]
and enemy occupation, the work of UNRRA and the Greek War
Relief, and more recently, of the POS agency of the ECA, have
all been agents of change.

There are many kinds of Greeks. The million or so Greeks who 184
came from Turkey and Russia in the twenties differ from the so-called 177
"old Greeks". The city Greeks consider themselves very different 369
from the peasants. There is a vogue for peasant handicrafts but not
for peasant attitudes. Urban Greeks like to take on the ways of [262]
foreigners, to use the products of technology, even the processed
foods of technology. Many French and English words are used in [192]
their speech. They take on the attitudes of the Western World, using
clocked time in business and living a life relatively pressed for time, [805]
adopting to some extent the Western scientific approach and objective
external limits, instead of the more animistic approach and the body-patterned limits of traditional Greek culture. There are lectures here [544]
on health and hygiene, on child care and co-operation and nutrition.
In Athens, the music and the drama are excellent, and in line with
Euro-American developments. There is rapid transportation. There [575]
are many associations based on foreign patterns: the YMCA and
the YWCA, the Girl Guides and the Boy Scouts, football groups and
hiking groups. There are foreign attitudes about travel: people go [484]
to tour the country or the world, instead of going to visit a relative
or a family friend or a miraculous shrine. The difference reaches
its greatest intensity as between the educated Greeks and the peasants,
who, though literate, have no high education.

People of different regions have a different way of life. The 184
mountainous terrain, the absence of easy communication except coast- 186
wise, differences in dialect and local history, and, most of all, the ex- [487]
treme personal independence of the people, have fostered tremendous
variation from place to place. To the world at large, a man may be a Greek, but to other Greeks, he is a Macedonian, an Arcadian, or an Epirot. More than this, he comes from a particular village of which he is very proud and for whose honour he competes with other villages. In the United States, Greeks from one village, such as Mani, have organized themselves in a nationwide organization. People from one small island speak of the people of the neighbouring island as queer or ill-mannered. This is as it should be; in Greek culture it is good for everyone to be different or, as the Greeks put it, to be individually formed.

The differences are there but the similarities are more basic. The 184
Athenians, working by clock time, strain at their bonds, and do not 369
805

each fact wrapped in some subjective, protective covering. The fact is 156
true and dependable, but it should not be naked. A memorandum 195
of fact by a Greek is full of such phrases as: "Then the nobleness 577
of the Greek soul was revealed," or "The Greek peasant modestly died . . . to protect his beloved country, but his death was one of the noblest sacrifices to the idea of liberty." Or, if Greeks have to criticize, they do it with oratory also, reviling passionately, as when a mother scolds a loved one with fury but not with cold and calculating anger.

The covering of the naked fact is essential to the integrity—the 156
absence of all molestation—of the *philotimo*. The inner core of the 577
Greek must never be exposed; and *entrope*, the Greek word for shame, modesty, decency, propriety, self-consciousness, embarrassment, means: "turning inward." This is a concept both positive and negative: you have done something shameful only because you have failed in the positive aspect, in modesty and decency. Out of *entrope*, a Greek avoids saying things and doing things which would reflect on
the *philotimo* of himself, his family, his country. For example, the [521]
self-made man in Greece does not boast of his rags-to-riches progress. This would expose the poverty of his village, the inability of his family to help him, the fact that his uncle or his godfather could not or did not do his duty by him; it would expose much that should remain decently covered, and would further prove him to be lacking in *philotimo*.

The Greek *philotimo* should not be confused either with the notion of face or with that of pride. Pride for the Greeks carries with it the connotation of arrogance: "the proud bird is caught by the nose". A Greek mother is not proud of her son: she is honoured by him; the *philotimo* is enhanced through honour, not pride. There is something of the notion of face, in that it is insupportable to have one's failures and needs known. But there is more than this; what is really
bad is that you yourself should expose your failure or yourself. And [619]
you have no *philotimo* if you avoid going to fight for your country, whether anyone knows this or not.

The essence of *philotimo* is inviolability and freedom. The first 156
means that a Greek is very "touchy". In a very popular work of the 577
thirties, which gives a humorous report of the cases in the Court 578
of Petty Offences, a large proportion of the cases arise out of this molestation of the *philotimo*. The reaction is immediate, either in scathing invective, such as name-calling, or as physical attack. Offence
against one's *philotimo* brings retaliation, not self-reproach. There [762]
are suicides in Athens for financial reasons, or for love, but none are reported as a result of a molested *philotimo*.

Freedom is the positive aspect of this. Greeks say: "To be a Greek 156
means to be free," and "Nothing is beautiful unless you are free, not 577
even the flowers in the spring."[1] It gave the Greeks a great sense of 722
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[1] Joanne Lee Schriver, 1947.

156 freedom to defy Hitler, in the sure knowledge that their country
577 would be overrun and occupied if they did so. During the occupation,
721 they remained free; little children risked their lives to do absolutely
727 unnecessary things such as defacing Nazi posters, giving expression
to their essential freedom. The morale of the people was upheld by their knowledge that they had not forfeited their freedom, and that they had been defeated only technically, not man-to-man, but by monstrous machines. External coercion without internal submission has no bearing on the maintenance of the *philotimo*.

178 To suggest to a Greek that he needs aid in raising his standard of
156 living because his ways are backward is to violate his *philotimo* as
511 a person and as a Greek. There is need for aid now because of acts of
577 God, not because of personal failure or Greek inadequacy. Until
727 the government centralized aid in the Department of Welfare, and
746 to some extent thereafter, Greek families and communities took care
of their own indigents or dependents. The Greeks who emigrated
[173] to the United States before the change and formed conservative
communities in their new country continued to take care of their own unemployed and orphaned; they were adapting the village pattern; besides, their *philotimo* would not allow them to expose to outsiders their failure and inadequacy. However, Greeks will accept aid when it is their right within a structured relationship; they will accept it as their share from the nation for which they have fought, or from the nation which they have helped in its war against the forces of evil; and Greeks stand firm in the knowledge that they were vital in bringing about the defeat of the Nazis by delaying Hitler's plans. They will also accept help without losing their *philotimo* when the need comes through an act of God. Their ways of making a living are adequate under normal circumstances; but now, because of destruction, occupation, soil erosion, loss of the right to emigrate, they need technical assistance to achieve a standard of living which is their right as Greeks and as persons. They can accept help also because the need is common to all the Greeks. During the war they said, not "See what I have come to," but "See what the nation has come to!" and then their situation was bearable. The office which is in charge of the ECA activities now reminds the people of the different villages that the destruction has been nationwide, that the need applies to all the Greeks, and so makes it bearable, and saves their *philotimo*. More than this, the government now appeals for self-participation in rebuilding the homes and the villages in the name of their *philotimo* as Greeks; to exert themselves as their sons exerted themselves in war, "to show the world what the Greeks can do in peace as well as in war".